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THE

BANISHED MAN:

A NOVEL.

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BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

"Et de vrai la nouvellete couſte ſi cher juſqu'a cette heure a ce pauvre Eſtat—(et je ne ſcay ſi nous en ſommes a la derniere enchere) qu'en tout et partout j'en quitte le party."

MONTAIGNE.

LONDON:

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1795.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

PREFACE.

THE Work I now offer to the Public has been written under great diſadvantages; and, might I quote in my apology for the defects of ſo trifling a compoſition as a Novel, the expreſſion uſed in regard to his great and laborious work by Dr. Johnſon, I might juſtly plead in excuſe for thoſe defects, That it has been compoſed *amidſt inconvenience and diſtraction, in ſickneſs and in ſorrow!*— at a time when long anxiety has ruined my health, and long oppreſſion broken my ſpirits; at the end of more than ten years (a very great portion of human life) during which I have been compelled to provide for the neceſſities of a

numerous family, almoſt entirely by my own labour. And when I am yet to look forward to no other proſpect for the future but a repetition of exertions on my part, of injuſtice and evaſion on the part of thoſe who have detained the property of my children from them, or even to greater inconvenience and diſtreſs for them, when, quite worn out by my ſufferings, *I* ſhall no more be able to aſſiſt them.

By my friends I have often been congratulated, on the power I have poſſeſſed of warding off, in a great meaſure, the ſhafts of adverſity from my children; but whatever gratification that reflection may afford, it is imbittered when I conſider that *I* have toiled only that others might rob; and that the more ſtruggles I have made for their ſupport, the greater has been the facility with which their Truſtees have given up their property to be plundered by others.

Had I known ten years ſince, that (inſtead of reſcuing them from the miſ-management) it was the purpoſe of theſe Truſtees to expoſe them to more direct malverſation; had I kno n that, inſtead of diſpoſing of the property as the Will of their Grandfather directs, it was the determination of thoſe Gentlemen to let their Agent put the produce into his own pocket from year to year, without queſtion and without account; could I have foreſeen that the Debtors of their Grandfather's eſtate, to a very great amount, would have *defied*, inſtead of paying them, I ſhould have done wrong to have attempted raiſing ſuch a family as a *gentleman*'s family: I ſhould have been wiſer to have deſcended at once into the inferior walks of life, and have humbled them and myſelf to our fortunes: but, when I have been told, from year to year, that their property would be reſtored; when I have been conjured to have patience yet a little longer, on this or on that pretence of unavoidable delay, it has ſeemed

a part

a part of my duty to continue my efforts for them; till at length every evaſion being exhauſted, and their affairs being more embroiled than when their Truſtees engaged in them, I am ſent to Chancery by the very men who, ten years ſince, undertook the truſt for the expreſs purpoſe of ſaving them from that expence; and who have been telling me repeatedly, that ſuch an appeal would be ruinous to my hopes of a ſpeedy ſettlement. I am now to wait the tardy juſtice of a Court which, to avoid, I have ſuffered ten years of poverty and deprivation.

The inſults I have endured, the inconveniences I have been expoſed to, are not to be deſcribed: but let it not be a matter of ſurpriſe or blame, if the impreſſion made by them on my mind affects my writings. In the ſtrictures on a late Publication of mine, ſome Review I do not now recollect which) objected to the too frequent alluſion I made in it to my own circumſtances. I might quote in fa-

vour

vour of this practice, the example of two of the greateſt of our Poets; but I will make no other defence than that which is lent me by a ſiſter art:—The Hiſtory-Painter gives to his figures the caſt of countenance he is accuſtomed to ſee around him; the Landſcape-Painter derives *his* predominant ideas from the country in which he has been accuſtomed to ſtudy. A Noveliſt, from the ſame cauſes, makes his drawing to reſemble the characters he has had occaſion to meet with: Thus, ſome have drawn alehouſe-keepers and their wives; others, artiſts and profeſſors: and of late we have ſeen whole books full of dukes and ducheſſes, lords and ladies. *I* have "fallen among thieves," and I have occaſionally made ſketches of them, and I have made only ſketches of them, becauſe it is very probable that I may yet be under the neceſſity of giving the portraits at full length, and of writing under thoſe portraits the names of the *weazles*, *wolves*, and *vultures* they are meant to deſcribe: nay, even

to

to detail at length the unexampled conduct of thoſe perſons who have compelled me, being

" Perplexed in the extreme,"

to have recourſe to my pen for a ſubſiſtence, and at length

" My downright violence and ſtorm of fortune
" To trumpet to the world—"

" When a man owns himſelf to have been in an error," ſays Pope, " he does but tell you that he is wiſer than he was." Thus, if I had been convinced I was in an error in regard to what I formerly wrote on the politics of France, I ſhould without heſitation avow it. I ſtill think, however, that no native of England could help *then* rejoicing at the probability there was that the French nation would obtain, with very little bloodſhed, that degree of freedom which we have been taught to value ſo highly. But I think

alſo,

alſo, that Engliſhmen muſt execrate the abuſe of the name of Liberty which has followed; they muſt feel it to be injurious to the *real* exiſtence of that firſt of bleſſings, and muſt contemplate with mingled horror and pity, a people driven by terror to commit enormities which, in the courſe of a few months, have been more deſtructive than the deſpotiſm of ages: a people who, in place of a mild and well-meaning monarch, have given themſelves up to the tyranny of monſters; compared with whom, Nero and Caligula are hardly objects of abhorrence.

For the reſt, I have in the preſent work, aimed leſs at the wonderful and extraordinary, than at connecting, by a chain of poſſible circumſtances, events, ſome of which *have* happened, and all of which *might* have happened to an individual, under the exigencies of baniſhment and proſcription; but I beg leave to add, that

my

my hero reſembles in nothing but in merit, the emigrant gentleman who now makes part of my family; and that though ſome of the adventures are real, the characters are for the moſt part merely imaginary.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

July, 30, 1794.

THE

BANISHED MAN.

CHAP. I.

To me, nae after-day nor nicht
Can e'er be ſweet or fair;
But ſune, beneath ſum droopin tree,
Cauld death ſall end my care.

HARDIKNUTE.

IT was a gloomy evening of October 1792: the ſtorm which had never ceaſed the whole day, continued to howl round the caſtle of Roſenheim; and the night approached with tenfold drearineſs. The Baroneſs de Roſenheim and Madame D'Alberg her daughter, with their attendants and ſervants, tho' wearied by anxiety, dared not think yet of repoſe. All day they had been liſtening to the ſound of cannon, which a ſtrong wind brought from the French frontier; whence they were ſeventeen miles diſtant. In the courſe

of the laſt twenty-four hours they had received undoubted information, that the French army were following the Auſtrian and Pruſſian troops in their retreat, and would ſoon be in the dominions of the Emperor. The Baron de Roſenheim, a General in the Imperial ſervice, was at Vienna; and being detained there by his perſonal attendance on the Emperor, Madame de Roſenheim knew ſhe had little reaſon to expect his return, whatever might be the danger to his private property. Unwilling, however, to ſpread alarm by her example, or to abandon the caſtle to the care of ſervants, yet equally unwilling to await the arrival of the army of the enemy, ſhe had ſent off a courier to her huſband ſeveral days before, requeſting his direction how to act. She now hourly expected the return of the meſſenger, which could hardly be delayed longer than the preſent evening, unleſs he had fallen into the hands of the French; which was far from being improbable. Time wore away, but no courier returned; and

and fear and dismay gained every moment on the inhabitants of the castle of Rosenheim, where, besides the usual number of domestics, as many peasants were admitted as could be spared from their families in the village beneath. A regular guard was mounted within the walls; while, as night approached, each questioned his comrade as to the probable events of the next day. Some affected a contempt of the danger which they were far from feeling; and others apologized for the fears they could not conceal, by relating the cruelties that, according to their apprehension, would be exercised by the French on their prisoners. The castle, situated on an eminence, and once strongly fortified, could make but a feeble resistance now against the troops that had compelled the armies of the Emperor and the King of Prussia to retreat: and it was whispered by some of those who apparently had undertaken its defence, that if the French appeared before it, it could not be too soon surrendered.

Madame de Roſenheim, a woman of ſtrong ſenſe, who had ſeen a great deal of the world, poſſeſſed unuſual preſence of mind; and was not moved by the variety of fears with which the people around her were perplexed. She knew ſhe had taken every precaution poſſible againſt the evil that threatened her; and having done ſo, ſhe awaited the event with all the fortitude of an elevated mind. Her daughter, from different motives, liſtened with apparent compoſure to the terrors of her women, and the fears of the vaſſals and domeſtics. Her ſoul, abſorbed by the idea of the danger of her huſband, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the retreating army, was too wretched to be much affected by any alarm for her perſonal ſafety. The hope that he might be ſafe, and ſoon return, or that, as he paſſed thro' the country, ſhe might at leaſt hear he was living and well, had hitherto ſuſtained her; but the laſt information gave her reaſon to fear that he was among thoſe who had fallen victims to diſeaſe on the deſolated plains of Champaign.

Champaign. No letter arrived from him, tho' ſhe had hired a peaſant, who undertook to convey a letter to him wherever he was. The man, who had engaged to return many days before, had not yet been heard of; and the clamours of his wife and mother, who were ſeveral times at the caſtle lamenting themſelves in the courſe of the day, had quite overwhelmed the ſpirits of Madame D'Alberg. It was in vain that her mother, Madame de Roſenheim, endeavoured to direct her thoughts a moment from the father, to fix them on the children. The more dear they were to her, the more ſhe feared the loſs of their protector. They were yet too young to be ſenſible of their ſituation; yet the innocent queſtions of the two little girls (who were twins, and almoſt three years old) had ſerved to harraſs and affect the ſpirits of their mother, thro' the day. Her ſon, yet an infant at the breaſt, was a ſtill dearer object; but even to the preſervation of them all, ſhe was unable to attend; and, leaving it to the Baroneſs, ſhe

paſſed the time of this dreary and portentous evening in walking from room to room; now ſitting down a moment near her ſleeping children; now, at every interval when the ſtorm admitted it, liſtening for the arrival of the courier her mother had diſpatched to Vienna; but with infinitely more ſolicitude for the return of the peaſant.

The Baroneſs de Roſenheim renewed her exertions to cheer the ſpirits of her dejected daughter, as in the great Gothic hall, where they uſually eat, they took their melancholy ſupper. The almoner of the caſtle was their only companion; who, while Madame de Roſenheim endeavoured to find every earthly ſource of hope, bade her, with more piety than tenderneſs, diveſt herſelf of earthly anxieties, and fix her mind on ſpiritual happineſs; which was, he aſſured her, the only way to fortify herſelf againſt the fears that now aſſailed her. Teazed by the unfeeling manner in which he gave this advice, and by its importunate repetition, Madame

D'Alberg

D'Alberg anſwered at length, that ſhe was very glad he had diſcovered the efficacy of this entire reſignation, and truſted it would prevent his feeling in future any alarms, whatever might arrive. Very certain it was, that on the confirmation of the retreat of the German and the advance of the French troops, no perſon in the caſtle had endeavoured to conceal their apprehenſions with ſo little ſucceſs as the Abbe Heurthofen. As the Baroneſs went herſelf around the courts, and ſaw every body at their poſts each night, Madame D'Alberg took leave of her as ſoon as ſupper was over, under pretence of retiring to bed. Her mother earneſtly recommended it to her to do ſo; for her pale and languid countenance alarmed her. Madame D'Alberg, to quiet her mother's tender apprehenſions, promiſed to endeavour to compoſe herſelf; and going to her own apartments, which conſiſted of a large anti-room that divided her dreſſing-room and bed-room from that where her children were, ſhe bade her woman

who ſlept in the latter, go to bed; ſaying, ſhe herſelf ſhould not to-night ſit up to read, as was very frequently her cuſtom. All ſoon became ſtill about the caſtle; but Madame D'Alberg yielding to the anxiety that tormented her, and which ſhe found it impoſſible to appeaſe, could not determine to go to bed. There were three large and high windows in her bedchamber; two of which looked into the great court of the caſtle. She opened the caſement of one, and thro' the darkneſs of the tempeſt, diſcerned the light from the lantern of the ſentinel who was poſted under the gateway, as it glimmered faintly on the oppoſite wall, and ſerved to render darkneſs more dreary. The rain coming on again with redoubled violence, and driving that way, ſhe ſhut the window, and without exactly knowing why; but ſtill in the faint hope that her meſſenger might yet arrive, ſhe went to the other, which was in that part of the building defended by a very deep foſſe, and a parapet behind it. The torrents of rain

which

which had fallen, and had been collected from the higher grounds near the caſtle (for a mountainous tract lay behind it) now murmured in the foſſe, and added to the noiſe of the wind among the battlements. In that torpor which long-baffled hope frequently creates, Madame D'Alberg remained a moment or two at the window; when at length ſhe fancied ſhe heard a groan, as of a perſon in pain. Alarmed, ſhe liſtened more attentively: the wind was a moment huſhed, and the rain ceaſed to beat. An inſtant or two paſſed, and no return of the ſame ſound reaching her again, ſhe concluded that it was merely the creation of fancy, or that ſome of the watchmen or perſons in the houſe had made ſome noiſe, which her fears had magnified into a ſound of anguiſh and complaint. Cold and deſolate, ſhe left the window, and, from an unaccountable reſtleſſneſs, and a perſuaſion that ſhe ſhould not ſleep, could not reſolve to get into bed; but made up the almoſt extinguiſhed fire in her ſtove, by

adding a few pieces of wood to it; and lay down in her clothes. Fatigue of body and mind conquered in a few moments the reſtleſſneſs and inquietude with which ſhe had been tormented; but ſhe had rather dozed than ſlept for about a quarter of an hour, when ſhe ſtarted; being awakened, as ſhe imagined, by the ſame hollow groan more loudly repeated. She ſat a moment in conſternation; then recollecting herſelf, began to appeaſe her terror, by believing it to be a dream, the effect of diſturbed and unſound ſleep; but when ſhe had nearly reaſoned herſelf into this belief, ſhe heard it again ſo loud, as to leave no doubt of its reality. A human voice uttering a few words low and ſorrowful, now certainly was heard. Theſe ſounds ſeemed to come from the foſſe, at the bottom of the caſtle-wall. She hurried, in breathleſs apprehenſion, to the window: ſhe looked down; but it was too dark to diſtinguiſh any object. The water ſtill murmured loudly; and if any perſon was there, they muſt be in

danger

danger of drowning. She endeavoured to caſt a light on the ground from the caſement; but the diſtance between the window and the foſſe, made all beneath her appear in chaotic darkneſs.

Now, however, ſhe more certainly heard the voice of one complaining faintly, as if exhauſted by pain; while another perſon, in all the agonies of apprehenſion for the ſufferer, ſeemed to be endeavouring to aſſuage the anguiſh he deplored; and at length Madame D'Alberg heard diſtinctly pronounced in French, "If there is any perſon within hearing, I entreat them to ſend ſome aſſiſtance to my father." Madame D'Alberg ſpeaking as loudly as ſhe could, endeavoured to aſſure the perſon who ſpoke, that ſome aſſiſtance ſhould be immediately ſent. She then rang a large bell by her bedſide; but fearing ſhe ſhould not be ſoon heard by the men-ſervants, who lay in a diſtant part of this large edifice, ſhe took a candle, and paſſed into the room where her woman and a nurſe ſlept, with the

children. With ſome difficulty ſhe awaked one of theſe women, who, notwithſtanding the fears ſhe had expreſſed the preceding night, was ſunk into a profound ſleep. "There are Frenchmen under the caſtle-wall," ſaid Madame D'Alberg. The ſervant, awakened thus ſuddenly, and hearing the word *Frenchmen*, concluded that the Sans Culottes were in the caſtle; and ſtaring wildly, ſhe began to croſs herſelf, and to call upon all the ſaints in the Calendar for protection. "You are needleſsly alarmed," cried Madame de Alberg; "theſe perſons appear to be in great diſtreſs, and to require our pity rather than raiſe our fear: get up, therefore, and endeavour to make the men in the houſe go down to join the watchmen in the aſſiſtance of thoſe unfortunate people, whom it is amazing to me they do not hear." 'I Madam,' cried the woman, 'go through the caſtle alone to awaken the men! Lord! not for a thouſand worlds! I'll ring the bell, if you pleaſe, for certainly the watchmen

ought

ought to be alarmed. I dare to ſay they are aſleep, and we ſhall all be murdered.'

"Grant me patience!" exclaimed Madame D'Alberg; "while you are heſitating, from theſe ſelfiſh fears, perhaps ſome unhappy man is expiring! Good God! D'Alberg himſelf may, for aught I know, be at this moment in the ſame ſituation." By this time the woman who had the care of the children was awakened; who being more reaſonable and humane, put on her clothes and undertook to rouſe ſome of the men. While ſhe was gone, Madame D'Alberg returned to the window. "I have, I hope, ſent you ſome aſſiſtance, my friends," ſaid ſhe. "May I aſk your names, and by what accident you have been thus diſtreſſed?" 'May Heaven reward you, Madam, who ever you are!' replied the ſame voice that had ſpoken before; 'and may your generous intentions be immediately executed, or it will be too late! Alas! my father is already cold and ſenſeleſs! I do not know whether

he

he lives to receive your bounty.'The manner in which this was uttered was ſo expreſſive of the grief and agitation of the perſon that ſpoke, that Madame D'Alberg, more than ever intereſted for him, and impatient to find that nobody ſeemed yet ready to go to the relief of the ſtrangers, went herſelf to the door of her mother's apartment. The Baroneſs de Roſenheim had too many anxieties on her mind to ſuffer her to be in a very calm ſleep; and ſtarting at the firſt ſummons, ſhe immediately aroſe and unbarred her door. Madame D'Alberg related as briefly as ſhe could, the reaſon of her diſturbing her; and the Baroneſs, who ſaw that whoever theſe ſtrangers might be, prudence and caution were neceſſary before they were admitted to the caſtle, immediately put on a night-gown, and told Madame D'Alberg ſhe would go down herſelf. "We muſt," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe went down ſtairs, followed by her daughter, "we muſt, however, be cautious. This may poſſibly be ſome

feint

feint made by an enemy, to obtain admittance." 'It may undoubtedly,' replied Madame D'Alberg; 'but these people appear to me to be gentlemen, from the manner of their expression; and in such extreme distress, which can hardly be feigned, I am sure we cannot acquit ourselves as Christians, without going to their relief.'

The sentinel at the castle-gate, to whom the Baroness, attended by two servants, now spoke, was of a different opinion. He was a rough Fleming, with a decided aversion to men of every other nation, tho' he cared for only one individual of his own, and that was himself. He remonstrated against the danger of opening the gates at such an hour. "How do we know," cried, he, "but that the enemy may be in force without, ready to rush in upon us?" 'You ought to know they are not,' cried Madame D'Alberg, offended at his unfeeling suspicions, which she thought favoured equally of cruelty and cowardice, 'since you have been

been upon the watch for the laſt four hours. A large body of the enemy could not without difficulty approach at night, without being heard, whatever caution they might uſe; but *you*, it ſeems, have not heard even the cries of theſe diſtreſſed people.'

"Well, well," ſaid the Baroneſs, who felt the impolicy of weakening her little garriſon by apparent diſtruſt, "let us, ſince now they are heard, endeavour to ſuccour them, if they really ſuffer, without, however, loſing ſight of a proper attention to our own ſafety." By this time near thirty people, ſervants and men who had been admitted for ſecurity within the caſtle, were aſſembled with their arms; the Baroneſs directed three of them to go to the place where the wounded perſons were ſuppoſed to be; but ſeized with the ſame fears and ſuſpicions as had been expreſſed by the firſt ſentinel, there was only the ſteward who would determine to go. The reſt, without refuſing, heſitated; and each endeavoured to find ſome unanſwerable reaſon why it was

hazarding

hazarding the general safety of the castle. Madame D'Alberg, who had now followed her mother to the guard-house, notwithstanding the storm which still blew, at intervals became impatient. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed she, "while we are deliberating, these unhappy men are perishing! What can there be to fear from two wanderers, wounded, and perhaps dying? Give me a light," added she, taking a lantern from one of them, "and I will shew you, that, woman as I am, I should blush were such pusillanimous apprehensions to prevent my trying to help a fellow-creature in distress." 'No,' said the Baroness, 'that must not be, Adriana. You already hazard your health too much. Come,' continued she; 'If I have no fears, surely, my friends, you will feel none. Let three of those who dare do as I do, follow me.' She then directed the porter and his companions to unbar the gates and let down the bridge. Reluctantly the men obeyed her; some of them murmuring loud

enough

enough for Madame D'Alberg (who ſtayed behind at her mother's earneſt entreaty) to hear them. 'Strangers and foreigners,' muttered one of the domeſtics, 'and eſpecially Frenchmen, always intereſt our ladies; a German might not fare ſo well with them.' "You are wrong there," cried Madame D'Alberg; "it is my endeavour always, To do by others as I wiſh them to do by me; and I repreſent to myſelf Count D'Alberg, imploring perhaps at ſome other door, the mercy which you would have here refuſed to theſe forlorn ſtrangers." This idea froze her blood. The image of her huſband, wounded and dying, was almoſt inſupportable. Four or five armed men had been ordered to place themſelves at the gate to ſecure a retreat for the party without, ſhould any danger really threaten them. Madame D'Alberg went out among them to liſten; but it was far round the foſſé, and hardly the footſteps of thoſe who traverſed it were heard, tho' there was again a pauſe in the wind.

She

She looked down acroſs a hollow glen, filled with old trees, which lay to the left, and which trees had been ordered to be felled, ſince there was reaſon to apprehend an attack of the caſtle. All now was black and hideous; and ſpectres ſeemed to flit along the drear obſcurity. How different from what it once was, when, in a walk ſhe had herſelf directed to be made thro' it, D'Alberg, in the early days of their affection, uſed to walk by her ſide, and gather for her the wild flowers that were profuſely ſcattered among the rocky hollows; and where a little weeping rivulet trinkled down among the old roots, and was loſt in the larger ſtream that came from the hilly grounds beyond the caſtle! This compariſon of the happy paſt with the miſerable preſent, ſhe had hardly made, when a very quick ſtep was heard. The party on guard recoiled; ſome looked terrified, and others endeavoured to look brave; when a young peaſant, one of thoſe who had followed the Baroneſs, appeared breathleſs with haſte.

'What

'What is the matter?' cried a number of voices at once: 'Is the enemy at hand?' "No;" anſwered the lad, as ſoon as he had breath to ſpeak, "but a matreſs, or bed, muſt be carried out for the wounded gentleman or dead gentleman: for my part, I believe it's all over with him. Make haſte! my lady the Baroneſs is impatient." Madame D'Alberg now hurried herſelf into the caſtle, and in a moment contrived what ſeemed a convenient means of conveying the unfortunate ſtranger into it. Her benevolence of heart allowed her not any longer to think of the weather, or of the hazard which the people again attempted to make her apprehend. She did not attend to their remonſtrances; but ordering three of her own ſervants to attend her, and the peaſant to return with her, ſhe went forward, guided by him to the ſpot, where ſhe found her mother, and where a very affecting ſcene preſented itſelf. She beheld a young man of about twenty, ſeated on the ground, whoſe features were diſ-

figured

figured by blood and duſt, and who, tho' faint and exhaſted, ſupported on his breaſt the head of a venerable-looking man, about ſixty, who ſeemed dying. His face, of a clayey paleneſs, appeared covered with the cold dews of death: his looks were turned towards the face of his ſon. He attempted to ſpeak, and, as it ſhould ſeem, to bleſs him; while the inarticulate bleſſings of the latter were addreſſed to the Baroneſs, who was applying ſpirits to the temples of the father, and made him ſwallow a few drops; which had ſo far revived him, that he now opened his eyes, and ſeemed by the expreſſion of his countenance to be ſenſible, though he could not ſpeak. "Not a moment is to be loſt," cried the Baroneſs, as ſoon as Madame D'Alberg appeared; "not a moment waſted, before this poor wounded gentleman be removed into a warm bed. Go back, dear Adriana, and let one be prepared, while we endeavour to convey him as eaſily as can be." 'May Heaven reward you!" ſaid the young

French-

Frenchman: 'but how to move him! If the wounds ſhould bleed afreſh! The coldneſs of the night, rather than my awkward endeavours, has ſtaunched the blood. Upon the leaſt motion they will bleed, and my father will expire.'

"Where is the Abbé Heurthofen?" enquired the Baroneſs; "he has ſome knowledge in theſe caſes; why do I not ſee him here? Let him be called: but in the mean time let us endeavour to convey your father to the houſe."

The men, however accuſtomed to ſcenes of diſtreſs, as the military part of them are, could not behold the countenance of the dying ſtranger, nor the agonizing ſolicitude marked on that of his ſon, without feeling intereſted for both. As their apprehenſions of a ſtratagem of the enemy were now ſubſided, they yielded to the impulſe of humanity; and each, encouraged by the Baroneſs and Madame D'Alberg, exerted themſelves to place the old officer on this temporary bier; and while his ſon, holding a handker-

chief

chief to the wound in his father's ſide, hung over him, they began to move on; though the young man, as he attempted to ſtep forward, occupied in this pious office, was evidently ſo weak, that he would have fallen, if one of the people who was diſengaged, had not ſupported him on the other ſide.

The mournful proceſſion ſoon reached the guard-houſe, where the bier was ſet down; and the ſon threw himſelf upon his knees by its ſide. 'Speak to me, dear Sir!' cried he, in an eager voice. 'Tell me you are revived! Thank God! the blood ſeems ſtaunched, ſince the motion has not made it ſtream again. He knows me!' added he, wildly adreſſing himſelf to the Baroneſs, but he is ſpeechleſs!'

By this time Madame D'Alberg returned to ſay a chamber was ready; and the Baroneſs directed her patient to be removed to it, with the ſame precautions as before.

"Where is Heurthofen?" again enquired

quired the Baroneſs when they arrived there. "If he is not already up, tell him I deſire his attendance." The Abbé, in a furred night-cap and a wrapping-gown as well lined, now made his appearance. "Charity, my good Abbé," ſaid the Baroneſs, "has not been active with you, methinks! Here is a wounded gentleman, to whom you muſt endeavour to be uſeful."

The Abbé caſt a look of diſſatisfaction on the ſufferer, who remained on his mattreſs on the floor. 'If theſe events happen often, Madam,' ſaid he, 'we ſhall ſoon have occaſion for a perſon in the caſtle better ſkilled in ſurgery than I am. If this gentleman is a French royaliſt, as I ſuppoſe he is, from the order I ſee at his breaſt, we are doing him no ſervice, but incurring an additional riſk ourſelves, by admitting him into the caſtle. The patriots will be upon us in another day. Nothing, in my apprehenſion, can equal the frenzy of our ſtaying here, unleſs it be admitting people who muſt en-

creaſe

creaſe our danger.' "Go, Sir," ſaid Madame D'Alberg; "if you have theſe fears, take care of your own ſafety. The Prieſt and the Levite, we know, are but too apt to turn away from the wounded traveller." Stung by this remark, the Abbé, who dared not anſwer as he was diſpoſed to do, prepared to aſſiſt the patient, who ſtill continued inſenſible; and the ladies left the room, while, with great difficulty and very ſlowly, he was conveyed to bed.

CHAP. II.

Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near. COLLINS.

UNABLE themselves to return to their repose, while they were uncertain of the fate of their apparently dying guest, the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg waited in the great hall, where several of their people were again assembled. The almoner at length came to them. Madame de Rosenheim enquired anxiously after the wounded officer. 'He is alive,' replied the Abbé; 'but he will hardly live till noon. His wounds, I believe, would not have been mortal, had they been attended to; but he has lost so much blood, and appears so greatly exhausted, that his recovery seems impossible.' "And the young man, his son?" said Madame D'Alberg. 'He has refused any assistance,' replied Heurthofen; 'tho' he has, I understand, a cut thro' the arm, which has made him suffer considerably.

ſiderably. He deſired me to aſk if he might wait upon you, ladies, to thank you for your humanity to his father.'

" Poor young man!" exclaimed Madame D'Alberg, " how much his affection intereſts me for him! Had we not better viſit him, Madam?" added ſhe, turning to her mother, " and prevail upon him to have ſome attention to himſelf?"

To this propoſal the Baroneſs aſſented; and they went up together to the chamber. The door was open; the curtains of the bed undrawn, and by its ſide kneel'd the younger of the ſtrangers, liſtening to the faint voice of his father, which could hardly be heard. They diſtinguiſhed, however, his reply. ' My father! have pity upon me, if you have none on yourſelf. All may yet be well!'

" Never, never!" ſighed the unhappy father. " The barbed dart of ingratitude tears my heart. Your cruel brother; it is he, D'Alonville! it is he, rather than theſe wounds, that has deſtroyed me."

'Think not of it, Sir,' answered D'Alonville. 'Let me conjure you to drive from your mind all these cruel reflections, and endeavour to live.'

"Ah, wherefore to live! banished and a beggar! At my time of life, D'Alonville, to become a wandering fugitive! No; Fayolles has no longer business in this world. But you, my unhappy boy! you, whose life opened with prospects so different!"

'For God's sake, Sir, forbear. If you indeed love me, would you not endeavour to preserve a life so precious? Ah! ladies!' continued he, perceiving the Baroness and Madame D'Alberg, who, greatly affected, had by this time softly approached him; 'your generous humanity has saved my father, if he will but endeavour to live; but he gives himself up to despair, and I shall lose him still.'

"Compose yourself, dear Sir," said Madame de Rosenheim; "you are now in a house where every thing that we can do for you, shall be done. Let me beg

of

of you to be calm, if it be only that this young gentleman may be prevailed upon to attend to himſelf for a few moments."

The Chevalier D'Alonville turned towards her eyes, which expreſſed more powerfully than words, all the anguiſh of his ſoul. 'I cannot thank you, Madam,' was all he could utter. "My almoner tells me you are wounded, Sir," added ſhe: "Now that your father is ſo far recovered, let me entreat you to have ſome application to your wounds; and that you will go yourſelf to bed."

'A mattreſs on the floor by my father, if you pleaſe, I will accept of; for I feel myſelf, indeed, exhauſted; but I cannot leave him. As to my wound, I am not ſenſible of it; it is nothing: I had forgot it.'

Madame D'Alberg left the room to order for him the only accommodation he ſeemed diſpoſed to accept; and as his head was now preſſed to the hand of his father, as it lay on the quilt, the Baroneſs for ſome moments ſtood by him in

ſilence. D'Alonville ſtarting, as if ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, ſaid in a low voice, 'Have you had any information, Madam, to-day, from the French frontier? Do you know how very near the wretches, who aſſume the name of Patriots, have advanced to this place?'

"Speak lower," anſwered Madame de Roſenheim, perceiving the eyes of the elder ſtranger, already glazed by approaching death, were languidly opened as theſe words were uttered; "Speak lower; or rather think only of the immediate evil." Her own fear, however, prevented her following the advice ſhe gave, and ſhe immediately added, "Surely, they are not ſo near as to make it probable that they will be here to-night!" The young ſtranger anſwered, 'We were, with a party of Auſtrians which engaged their advanced guard, not fifteen miles off at twelve this morning.' A deep ſigh here from Monſieur de Fayolles recalled the thoughts of the Baroneſs to him.

him. "If you would favour me with a moment's converſation in the adjoining room, Sir,"—ſaid ſhe to D'Alonville. De Fayolles faintly waved his hand for him to go; and he aroſe to obey. By this time Madame D'Alberg was returned with two ſervants, who were making up a bed on the floor. The Baroneſs, unwilling to alarm her daughter with the detail of an encounter in which ſhe might be but too nearly intereſted, left her, and attended her gueſt into the next apartment. She there learned, that in an affair which had been fatal to almoſt all the French royaliſts who were in it, and to many of the Germans, the Viſcount de Fayolles had been wounded, and left for dead on the field; that his ſon, the Chevalier D'Alonville, who was with another party a little farther on, who had not been engaged, no ſooner ſaw the ſmall remains of the troop that had retreated, join them without the Viſcount, and underſtood he was left wounded or dead behind, than he returned to ſeek him, attended by two

ſervants. The Sans Culottes had already gone forward; but the wretches who follow armies for the ſake of plunder, were ſtripping the dying and the dead, with which the field of action was ſtrewn. D'Alonville, in deſcribing this ſcene of horror, ſeemed anew to feel all the emotions he had at the moment experienced. 'I had not,' ſaid he, 'gone twenty paces, before I ſaw my father. He was living, but extended on the ground; he raiſed himſelf on his arm, and was looking around him, when, at the ſame moment that I approached him on one ſide, two of thoſe hideous women came towards him on the other; and one of them, without regarding me, or rather, perhaps, thinking I was one of their own party, prepared to ſtab him: for they ſaw he was an officer of diſtinction; and mercy had no place in their ſavage hearts. I was not aware of their deſign, for this was my firſt campaign; and I knew not that ſuch wretches in the human form diſgraced the earth!

Alas!

Alas! I ſoon ſaw what I had to dread, for the poor remains of a life ſo precious. I threw myſelf before my father, and with one of my ſervants (for the other had already deſerted me) delivered him from the hands of thoſe monſters. I made him ſenſible of his ſituation: we led him off the field, and I placed him on horſeback, and ſupported him till I hoped we were out of danger. We concealed ourſelves for ſome hours, among the reeds and alders, in a moraſs, intending to remain there till evening; and tied up our two horſes in a place where we hoped they would eſcape the parties which we continually heard paſs: but in this we were deceived. As ſoon as it grew duſk, as we diſtinguiſhed no longer any hoſtile ſounds, we diſpatched the ſervant to ſeek the horſes; for my father was ſo weakened by loſs of blood, hunger, and fatigue, that I found he muſt periſh if I did not procure him ſome aſſiſtance. He had ſwallowed nothing but a little water, and his exhauſted frame could ſupport itſelf

no longer. Alas! the feeble hope that I ſhould have been able to convey him to ſome place where he might have his wounds taken care of, and be reſtored by nouriſhment and repoſe, now eſcaped me; for my ſervant returned, but not till I deſpaired of ſeeing him any more. He returned pale, aghaſt, and trembling. He told me that, the horſes being gone, he had hoped that they had only broke away to feed, and that he ſhould find them in ſome neighbouring fields, or in a wood that was not far from thence, whither he crept as ſilently as he could; for he obſerved ſmoke to ariſe from its ſkirts, and was afraid of falling again among a party of Sans Culottes or marauders. Approaching under cover of bruſh-wood and furze, he ſaw our two horſes tied up with four or five others; and, notwithſtanding his precaution, was himſelf in the moſt imminent danger; for on all ſides of him were ſcattered ſmall parties of three or four ſoldiers, and women, who were preparing to paſs the

night

night under the ſhelter of this ſmall wood; and ſome were putting up pieces of canvas and other contrivances, while others were preparing their repaſt. There ſeemed to be about thirty of them: who, wandering about in every direction, to collect fuel for their fires, my ſervant found the utmoſt difficulty in eſcaping them, by crawling on his hands and knees among the rough ground, where he was; which being covered with fern-buſhes and bruſh wood, ſaved him from the view of thoſe formidable people, more dreadful than an open and regular enemy; ſuch as I knew them to be, however, and ſuch my affrighted ſervant deſcribed them. I doubted whether it would not be better for us to throw ourſelves on their mercy, than for me to riſk what ſeemed, indeed, otherwiſe inevitable, ſeeing my father expire thus exhauſted and deſolate. Hardly was he, I thought, conſcious of the hurried narrative my ſervant had been giving. But when I began to debate with this faithful fellow, whether we had

not better hazard all that could befal us, than ſuffer him to die without an attempt to relieve him, his recollection and ſtrength ſeemed to be ſuddenly renewed. He eagerly graſped my hand, as I on my knees prevented his head reſting on the ground, or rather the marſh, for it was half under water: He graſped my hand, and making an effort to ſpeak, tho' he could only whiſper, he ſaid, 'No, D'Alonville, never, never! I had rather die! far rather, than owe my life, even if it could now be ſaved, to theſe infamous monſters. Death, honourable death, I welcome! Let me die, my ſon, in your arms; but do not let the laſt moments of my life be embittered by the ſight of theſe execrable beings, the refuſe of my ruined couutry; theſe baſe inſtruments of ſuperior villains who have deſtroyed us. Promiſe me,' added my father, graſping me ſtill harder, tho' with a convulſive effort, 'promiſe me that you will let me die here. It will not be long firſt, D'Alonville! and then that you will attend to your own ſafety.

Promiſe

Promiſe me!' "I do, my father; I promiſe." This I ſaid almoſt without knowing it; but, as if ſatisfied, my father ſunk into a ſtupor, which I believed to be the forerunner of death. He was apparently eaſy, however; he did not ſeem to ſuffer. I ſtill ſat on the ground ſupporting his head. I took off my coat to ſpread it over him, for the night was cold and wet. My ſervant, quite worn out with fatigue, famine, and deſpair, lay down near us. He offered me his clothes; but I abſolutely refuſed them: His bodily ſufferings ſeemed greater than mine. But it was not either him or myſelf who were the objects of my concern. My father alone engroſſed all my attention.

It was now dark; all was quiet around the ſpot where we were: the wind alone, ſighing among the reeds, or the rain that ſometimes fell, tho' not very heavily, were the only ſounds that broke the dreary ſtillneſs which reigned in this deſolate wilderneſs. I turned my eyes to Heaven;

Heaven; I implored its mercy on my father. I diſtinguiſhed thro' the gathering tempeſt of the night, a few ſtars; and I invited the great Governor of the univerſe. I ſupplicated him to hear a ſon in behalf of his dying parent. I had now time to reflect on the ſad ſituation in which we were; and my reflections ſerved only to convince me, that if my father ſurvived till morning, we muſt inevitably fall into the hands either of that party from whom my ſervant had eſcaped, or ſome other of the ſame deſcription, who were ſcattered over the country in ſuch numbers, that there was no chance of avoiding them. I had time enough to revolve in my mind every plan that occurred to it, but none appeared practicable. My father, however, ſeemed inſenſible of his preſent ſufferings; and I was under the neceſſity of remaining, without making any attempt to ſnatch him from the dangers which I knew the morning would bring with it.

I believe it was about nine o'clock, but

I could

I could not diſtinguiſh the hour on my watch, when I thought I heard, thro' the ſilence of the night, footſteps among the reeds. I liſtened, and was convinced of it. I found they approached, tho' ſlowly; and that the ſtep was like that of one who either deſired to ſurprize, or feared to be ſurprized. The former of theſe was much the moſt probable; and I prepared to defend my father as well as I could, tho' certain that any reſiſtance I could make would be otherwiſe uſeleſs, than as it was deſirable to ſell our lives as dearly as we could. I ſpeak of myſelf only, becauſe my father was ſo incapable of any effort, that he could hardly be ſaid to live; and my ſervant, from exceſs of fatigue, had fallen into ſo found a ſleep, that I found it impoſſible to rouſe him, without making more noiſe than was prudent; ſince it was probable, that whoever were the perſons or perſon (for I now thought there was only one) who approached, they might not diſcover us, if I remained quiet; for in the dark, the

reeds beaten down by our making way among them, could not betray us, as probably would happen in the morning. I looked around me as much as I could; but beſides that the reeds which concealed us were in moſt places above my head, it was now too dark to diſtinguiſh objects. Still I heard footſteps more and more near; and at length a woman's voice, who ſpeaking low to another, ſaid, "Here I believe is the place;" and ſuddenly I ſaw before me a female peaſant, who held in her hand a ſmall lantern which ſhe had concealed; and with her was a boy of twelve or thirteen years old. More alarmed at the ſight of us, than I was at ſeeing her, ſhe ſtood a moment amazed. I took advantage of it to offer her money, and to entreat that ſhe would lead us to a place of ſhelter, and procure ſome ſuſtenance for my father. Tempted by the money I ſhewed her, and by my promiſes of more, ſhe ſeemed willing to aſſiſt us; tho' ſhe aſſured me, that far from being able to promiſe an aſylum, their cottage

had

had already been viſited; and that they had hid what they had been able to ſave from the rapacity of the plunderers, in this marſhy ſpot; whence ſhe and her ſon now came to fetch it, intending, as they were every day liable to new inroads and violence more deſtructive, to take refuge with what little property they could ſecure, in ſome of the fortified towns. They cared not under which party they put themſelves, if they could only be ſure of protection.

As the ſum I was able to offer her was more than equal to any riſk ſhe could run of loſs, and as the lives of herſelf and her family were nearly all that they could loſe, the woman heſitated not to aſſiſt me and my ſervant in leading my father, or rather bearing him along among us, to her ſmall abode, which, as it was at the diſtance of more than a mile, we accompliſhed with difficulty. More than once during this long and painful march, he ſeemed at the point of death; and his wound, to which no proper application had

yet

yet been made, threatened again to baffle, by its fatal conſequences, all my endeavours to ſave his precious life.

On a miſerable bedſtead, where a few rags ſupplied the place of the bed or mattreſs, which had been taken or burnt, my father was placed; and ſuch nouriſhment as the cottage in its preſent ſtate could afford, was adminiſtered to him. He eat of this food, and ſeemed to revive: fatigue and languor of body deprived his mind of the acute feeling which would have ſhewn him the horrors of his condition: he dozed rather than ſlept; and ſeemed inſenſible rather than eaſy. The dawn of day arrived without any material alteration. He breathed, I thought, more calmly: when I ſpoke to him he knew me; and received ſuch nouriſhment as I could procure for him, which was only a little bad wine and black bread. But this pauſe from actual ſuffering, renewed my hopes of ſaving him, if I could but convey him to a ſecure afylum. Towards noon he appeared conſider-

conſiderably better; and I hardly doubted of his life. But my ſufferings on his account were far from being at an end. An alarm from the neighbouriug peaſants, who in their flight announced to our terrified hoſts that another great body of the French were approaching, compelled them to haſten the reſolution they had before taken, to ſeek their ſafety in flight. To remain where we were, was to give ourſelves up to certain deſtruction; yet how remove a man in ſuch a ſtate as my father was? As ſoon as he underſtood the cauſe of the alarm around him, he called me to him, and exerting all his ſtrength, ordered me to leave him. "Go, my ſon," cried he; "ſince our evil deſtiny thus purſues us, ſeek your own ſafety, and ſuffer me not wholly to periſh. In you, D'Alonville, I ſhall ſtill live; and the miſerable remains of my exiſtence are not worth a thought. As an emigrant, I ſhall be put immediately out of my pain, by the wretches who will ſoon arrive. Let me have the

conſolation,

conſolation, my ſon, of knowing you are out of their power, and, deteſtable as they are, I ſhall ſubmit to die by their hands without a murmur." I poſitively refuſed to leave my father; and all that remained was to attempt conveying him away. Every thing we had left about us, except my arms and a cutlaſs, which I would not ſuffer my ſervant to part with, was the price of a miſerable half ſtarved horſe, on which, with the utmoſt difficulty, we at length perſuaded my father to ſuffer himſelf to be placed; and we ſet out with ſeveral unhappy beings, who were quitting their homes to wander they knew not whither. Mothers with their infant children! Daughters with infirm parents! Our ſad groupe ſenſibly diminiſhed as we moved along. Some could go no farther, from mere wearineſs, and others remained in the expectation of finding refuge among their acquaintance who lived by the way; for us, who were ſtrangers in this part of France, our only hope lay in reaching before night-fall, ſome

town

town or village in the dominions of the Emperor; but when I caſt my eyes on the pale and exhauſted figure of my father, and ſaw with what extreme difficulty he ſat upon his horſe, deſpair again took poſſeſſion of my ſoul. However, ſlowly we yet moved on. About a mile, as near as I can gueſs, from this place, my father aſſured me he could go no farther, and entreated me to ſuffer him to lie down and die quietly. I looked around me for ſome place where I might hope to find ſhelter from the ſtorm which had been beating upon us all day, but now ſeemed to be coming on with redoubled violence; but I ſaw no place of ſhelter. The roads were almoſt impaſſable, from the inceſſant rains; and the wretched horſe, tho' I had endeavoured to ſpare him as much as poſſible, ſeemed quite diſabled. Around us were thick encloſures terminating in woods; and had there been any village near, I knew it would be difficult or impoſſible for us to diſtinguiſh it. Thus circumſtanced, I had no choice;

but

but was compelled to yield to neceſſity, and to attempt paſſing this night on the ground. We left then the road we were in, and ſtruck into a coppice, where the leaves that yet remained offered us but little ſhelter; and where I ſaw, from the ſituation in which my father was in, that he muſt inevitably periſh before morning, unleſs aſſiſtance was procured. To procure it however ſeemed impoſſible. Terrible were my reflections! If I left him to ſeek ſome help, I feared he would expire in my abſence! and it was a very great chance whether I found him again. My ſervant, tho' honeſt and faithful, poſſeſſed neither courage nor ſagacity ſufficient for ſuch an undertaking. He was beſides diſpirited by hunger, fear, and fatigue; and hardly able to ſupport himſelf, was little in a condition to be of uſe to me in a taſk ſo difficult as ſeeking a place of ſhelter in a country totally unknown, at ſuch an hour, and at ſuch a ſeaſon. Not finding, however, any better expedient, I determined to ſend him, after an hour's reſt, in

ſearch

ſearch of ſome place where we might remain for the night, at leaſt, under cover. He was more willing than able to go. I divided with him the morſel of food with which I had provided ourſelves; and he left us, promiſing to return in two hours, if he either found a ſhelter, or could not meet one within any diſtance that it was likely we could reach; and he aſſured me he would endeavour to make ſuch remarks on his way, as ſhould enable him to return to us. Two hours paſſed away, a third had nearly elapſed, and we had no tidings of him. In darkneſs and tempeſt, with a father expiring in my arms, what a ſituation was mine! Aſſured that if we remained where we were he would die in a few hours, I determined to make one effort more to ſave him, by returning into the road we had left, where it was barely poſſible that ſome human beings might paſs; and to fall into the hands of the enemy, dreadful as it before appeared, now ſeemed preferable to the lingering horrors of the death that was otherwiſe inevitable.

evitable. I had, however, the greateſt difficulty to perſuade my father to remove from the place where he was, ‘ Let me die here, D'Alonville,' ſaid he; ‘ why ſhould I be longer a burthen to you? why riſk the loſs of your life, to prolong mine for a few miſerable hours? Take from my breaſt this mark of many years faithful ſervices to my now undone country, that you may deliver it to my ſovereign; it will be an honourable miſſion, my ſon! Heaven grant you may ſoon fulfil it. Endeavour to live to preſerve at leaſt the memory of De Fayolles from more diſgrace than already overwhelms it by the conduct of your brother, and take with you my bleſſing; all I have left to give!'

As I now gave up all expectation of the return of my ſervant, deſpair lent me courage to renew my entreaties to my father. I gave him all I had reſerved of our miſerable proviſion; I put him once more on horſeback, and regained the high road, from which we had not wandered far; but having done ſo, I ſeemed to have obtained

no

no advantage. We were equally deſolate and forlorn, with hardly a probability that Chance would befriend us.

"We had not been more than three quarters of an hour on the road-ſide, when, liſtening in the pauſe of the ſtorm, in the faint hope of hearing the return of my ſervant, I heard voices not far off, and horſes and men approach. It was too dark to diſtinguiſh objects; but our condition admitted not of deliberation. Without waiting, therefore, to enquire whether they were friends or enemies, I called aloud as ſoon as they ſeemed to be near. They ſtopped, and came up to us. I knew not at this moment what they really were; but plunder appeared to be their object. I preſented our ſituation to them, and entreated, that if they could not themſelves grant us the refuge of which we were ſo greatly in need, that they would point out to us ſome place where we might obtain ſhelter for the night. One of them, who ſeemed to have the moſt authority, anſwered, That they were country people,

travelling to their houſes, at a great diſtance; and could not aſſiſt us otherwiſe than by ſuffering one of their number to conduct us to the next village; but for this they muſt be paid. As I knew they could (and was well convinced they would) take from me my piſtols and ſword, ſince I was entirely in their power, I thought it beſt to agree with them to give them theſe arms, as the price of a ſafe conduct to the village of Roſenheim, where I might probably be received. I was afraid, by their manner, that they would ſeize the price without performing the conditions. I was compelled, however, to take my chance as to their integrity, and, having reſigned to them all I had left, and agreed that they ſhould alſo have our miſerable horſe on our arrival at Roſenheim, one of them diſmounted; and, placing my father before him, while I followed on horſeback, we reached a group of houſes, which I could juſt diſtinguiſh thro' the gloom, and which were, he told me, a part of the ſmall hamlet in queſtion. He then prepared to

take

take leave, as having fulfilled his agreement; but I entreated him to remain till we could obtain admiſſion into ſome houſe. To this I could not, however, perſuade him, and I had no power to compel him. He left us! my father was yet alive, but that was all! for every moment threatened to be his laſt. In deſpite of my entreaties and repreſentations, our unfeeling guide had made ſo much haſte, that the motion of the horſe had occaſioned the wound to bleed afreſh; and I ſaw the moment when all my efforts appeared totally uſeleſs. We were, however, within hearing of human beings; and I ſtill hoped for ſuccour before it was too late! I ſeated my expiring parent on the ground, and approached the door of the neareſt cottage; but all my attempts to make the inhabitants hear, if indeed there were any within it, were to no purpoſe. I left it, and proceeded to a ſecond, where, after calling and rapping at the doors and windows for a conſiderable time, a woman appeared at a ſort of

hole in the thatch, and with a voice ſtrongly expreſſive of terror, demanded my buſineſs. I endeavoured to explain to her what we wanted, and to move her compaſſion, by relating the ſituation of my father; but, without attending to me, ſhe haſtily cloſed her wooden ſhutter, and diſappeared; leaving me to make the ſame experiment on two other houſes with little more ſucceſs. At one, I was told that they knew me to be an enemy, and would fire upon me if I did not immediately leave the place. At the other, a woman ſaid, that it was impoſſible for its inhabitants to admit a ſtranger; but that if I really was the perſon I called myſelf, and in the diſtreſs I repreſented, I ſhould be ſure of obtaining admiſſion and relief at the caſtle above. I entreated her to ſhew me how I could find the caſtle. "There is a riſing ground, a little to the left," ſaid ſhe, "from which you may diſtinguiſh the lights at the caſtle; and that will be your beſt guide." I ran forward, and in effect I diſcovered, from the

place

place ſhe mentioned, lights on the woody hill above the village. As there ſeemed no probability of procuring admittance at any of thoſe cottages, I determined to attempt reaching the caſtle. With infinite difficulty, and at the hazard of ſeeing my father expire every ſtep he took, we reached, as it were by miracle, the caſtle-wall; but I miſtook the path that led to the gate, and found we were in a part where a ditch, filled with water from the mountains, and an high parapet, precluded all hopes of our being heard. The bitteреſt deſpair now took poſſeſſion of my ſoul! I ſaw the death of my father was inevitable; and I repented that I had only lengthened and increaſed his ſufferings. In this dreadful condition we were (continued the Chevalier D'Alonville) when you, Madam, providentially heard, and moſt generouſly ſuccoured us.

The young ſtranger having thus related the events that had brought him and the Viſcount de Fayolles, his father, in ſuch a ſituation, to the caſtle of Roſenheim,

was prevailed upon by his generous hoſteſs to retire to the mattreſs that was prepared near the bed of his father, who remained nearly in the ſame ſtate of hopeleſs depreſſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

" Sad ſpectacle of pain,
" The bitter dregs of Fortune's cup to drain,
" To fill with ſcenes of death theſe cloſing eyes !"

POPE'S ODYSSEY.

THE almoner Heurthofen, who had been preſent during the latter part of this narrative, had fixed on the countenance of Madame D'Alberg his keen enquiring eyes, as if to penetrate into the effect it had on her, and what intereſt ſhe took in the narrator. Her mother had left the apartment, to give ſome further orders for the accommodation of her unfortunate gueſts; but Madame D'Alberg remained penſively, leaning againſt the wainſcot: nor did ſhe move from her reverie till the almoner cried, " A very affecting ſtory indeed! This young Frenchman, it ſeems, is quite a modern Æneas!"
' I know not,' anſwered Madame D'Alberg, ' what you mean by an Æneas. He is certainly a moſt accompliſhed young man of faſhion, and, from his filial affection, highly intereſting.' " O yes," repeated

peated Heurthofen, " highly intereſting, certainly." ' His unfortunate ſituation,' ſaid Madame D'Alberg, ' ſhould ſurely move every good mind in his favour, even if he were without merit.' " Undoubtedly," replied Heurthofen, in the ſame ſneering tone; " and the inhabitants of this houſe particularly, who ought to feel for misfortunes they are ſo ſoon likely to ſhare. Moſt probably, before to-morrow evening, we ſhall be viſited by his countrymen, and turned out to meet ſuch adventures as he has related: There being two emigrants, known to have been in arms, found in the caſtle, will probably add ſomething to the hoſtility of the treatment we may expect." ' And would you, therefore,' ſaid Madame D'Alberg indignantly, ' have refuſed admittance to theſe unhappy fugitives?' " I would have every body," anſwered he, " conſult their own ſecurity firſt: it is the firſt law of nature." " Go then, Sir,' ſaid the Lady, ' conſult yours by quitting Roſenheim; and know that (with *me*

at

at leaſt) a man of ſentiments ſuch as yours, can at no time be a welcome reſident.'

Madame D'Alberg then left the room, and, returning to her own, endeavoured to obtain ſome repoſe after the alarms of ſuch a night, and to acquire ſtrength to encounter thoſe which the next day threatened to bring with it: but to ſleep was impoſſible. The certainty that Colonel D'Alberg was in an army which, after having ſuffered very great hardſhips, was retreating before an enemy intoxicated with unexpected ſucceſs, was alone ſufficient to have diſtracted her; but the animated account given by the young ſtranger, had awakened more acute anxiety, by placing before her eyes all the variety of miſery to which he might be liable. Deſcended from and connected with military men, ſhe had learned from her earlieſt recollection, to ſuppoſe man born only to acquire honour, or die glorioufly in the field; but when ſhe now ſaw the reality of the evils of war, of which

ſhe had before been accuſtomed only to the parade and ſplendor; and when to theſe evils the huſband ſhe adored was actually expoſed; when ſhe imagined him at the preſent moment wandering alone amid the tempeſt of the night, and periſhing without the conſolation of dying honourably, with his arms in his hand, — all other calamities of life ſeemed comparatively ſmall; and even the danger which Heurthofen repreſented as ſo immediately approaching her mother, her children, and herſelf, loſt much of its effect on her mind.

Madame de Roſenheim was, however, more ſenſible of the hazard they were in; but equally undecided what to do to eſcape from it. She redoubled the guard around the caſtle, though ſhe knew that to reſiſt a regular force was impoſſible. She then viſited her unhappy gueſt. The Viſcount de Fayolles had again fallen into the ſlupor which accompanies extreme weakneſs. His ſon, in the fear that every ſigh he heard might be his laſt, could not

attempt

attempt to obtain the repoſe he ſo much wanted; but, with eyes ſtrongly expreſſive of the anguiſh of his ſoul, he watched the pale and convulſed countenance of his father, by the trembling light that was near him. The Baroneſs de Roſenheim, in a low voice, entreated him to take ſome reſt; but he only ſhook his head, in mournful ſilence. She thought it better to leave him; and, being aſſured he had every thing near him that could contribute to the eaſe of the languiſhing patient while he yet lived, ſhe went to her own room. It was, however, ſo near day, and her mind being in a ſtate of ſo much perturbation, ſhe did not attempt to ſleep; but, keeping two of her women with her, ſhe directed them to make up the fire in her ſtove, and remain with her, while ſhe employed herſelf and them in putting up, in ſuch a manner as would enable her the moſt eaſily to remove, the moſt valuable effects in the caſtle. Engaged in this employment the melancholy morning found her; and ſhe was preparing to

go to her daughter's room, for whoſe health ſhe was very ſolicitous, when the Chevalier D'Alonville met her in the gallery leading from her chamber. His ſwollen eyes ſeemed no longer able to diſtinguiſh the objects around him: his countenance was wild, and his manner eager. He caught her hand, apparently unable to ſpeak, and led her into his father's room. Madame D'Alberg was already there, gazing on the expiring object in the bed; for the Viſcount de Fayolles was evidently dying, though he was ſtill ſenſible; and the almoner Heurthofen had adminiſtered the laſt ſacraments. Nobody elſe ſpoke. D'Alonville was apparently unable.

This mournful ſolemnity over, de Fayolles ſeemed to collect all his ſtrength to expreſs his gratitude to Madame de Roſenheim, and to give his laſt bleſſing to his ſon; but hardly, in a low, broken, and tremulous voice, could he articulate his thanks to his benevolent hoſts, and anguiſh at leaving his unhappy ſon. "But for the

reſt,"

reſt," ſaid he, " for the reſt, I quit with pleaſure a world where I ſeem to have no longer any buſineſs; and I periſh under the ruins of France. D'Alonville," added he, turning to his ſon, " I die in the conſciouſneſs of never having violated the allegiance I ſwore to my king. Remember, that to whatever fate you are deſtined, your father's laſt hope is, That in you his name will not be diſgraced." His voice then totally failed. The ladies, unable to bear ſo ſad a ſpectacle, retired; and in a few moments the Viſcount de Fayolles breathed his laſt.

Hardly had this mournful event drawn from the eyes of Madame de Roſenheim and her daughter thoſe tears which a fate ſo deplorable excited, than their own danger became too preſſing to allow them to indulge their humanity. The meſſenger, who had ſo many days been expected from Vienna, returned without his diſpatches, and, by his appearance, bore teſtimony to the extreme difficulty with which he had returned at all. He had been

been detained feveral days by a party of Sans Culottes, among whom he had fallen, who had plundered him of every thing; and eſcaped only in conſequence of a ſkirmiſh, which allowed them no time to attend to their priſoners. Since which he had fallen in with the advanced guard of the French army, who, believing him a peaſant, as he was on foot and unarmed, had ſuffered him to paſs unmoleſted. — Madame de Roſenheim eagerly enquired what were the orders of the Baron; which, though his letters were loſt, ſhe hoped the meſſenger might have been acquainted with from himſelf. The man anſwered, that the Baron charged him to tell Madame, that he would be at the caſtle within ten days; but that if any thing during that interval ſhould make her removal and that of her family neceſſary, ſhe muſt act as ſhe ſaw occaſion. The Baroneſs then aſked how near the army was? and what were the numbers of that part of it among whom he had fallen? He anſwered, That of their numbers he was no judge;

judge; but that it ſeemed to be very conſiderable; and that they were then within eleven miles, and rapidly advancing: That they did not moleſt thoſe who appeared willing to adopt their principles; and pretended great moderation and generoſity towards all who would receive them.—Heurthofen, who liſtened to the account of the meſſenger with evident ſymptoms of terror, ventured, as ſoon as he heard this, to adviſe that, inſtead of making any reſiſtance, which he ſaid was only inviting certain deſtruction, they ſhould prepare to receive as friends, thoſe whom they could not compel as enemies. "Let us ſend," ſaid he, "proper perſons to meet the commander of this advanced guard. Let us repreſent that we are willing to receive him, and a part of his men; and let us deſire him to ſend proper perſons to take poſſeſſion of the caſtle, to ſecure it from the unlicenſed ſoldiery." Madame de Roſenheim regarded him while he ſpoke, with a look of aſtoniſhment; while the

countenance

countenance of her daughter expreſſed contempt, mingled with indignation. "Is this really your advice, Sir?" ſaid the former. 'Really,' replied he: 'and what other, circumſtanced as we are, can you follow?' "I had much rather periſh," replied Madame de Roſenheim, "under the ruins, than entertain in the caſtle of Roſenheim the men who have rebelled againſt their king, impriſoned him, and murdered, under various pretences, numbers of innocent perſons! The men againſt whom my huſband and my ſons are in arms; and who have been, for aught I know, the death of ſome of thoſe deareſt to me upon earth!" 'Let the Abbé Heurthofen go, Madam, to meet theſe monſters,' cried Madame D'Alberg, 'and be the ambaſſador who ſhall treat for his own ſafety; but let us endeavour to defend this place againſt them.' "No," anſwered the Baroneſs, 'let us leave it to them, ſince it muſt be ſo! The Abbé Heurthofen is at liberty to provide for his

his own ſecurity in any way that he may prefer. Come, Adriana," added ſhe, "let us think of the children, and of our people: Not a moment is to be loſt." She then haſtily left the room; and Madame D'Alberg was going out at another door, when the Chevalier D'Alonville met her. "What are the intentions of the Baroneſs, Madam," ſaid he; "can I be of the leaſt aſſiſtance? Employ me, I entreat you, and give me the conſolation of dying in the ſervice of the only perſons who now are intereſted for me on earth." 'We are going inſtantly,' replied Madame D'Alberg, 'but I know not whither.' "Will you not ſuffer me?" cried D'Alonville, in a voice equally agitated. "Ah! "will you not ſuffer me to attend you! Give me," added he, pauſing and recollecting himſelf, "give me a moment only: the laſt mournful duties to my father are not paid. I cannot leave his aſhes to the mercy of his perſecutors. Will not your charity, beſt of women, give him a little ground?"

ground ?" His voice here failed him. Madame D'Alberg, diſtracted by her own apprehenſions, could not be inſenſible to ſuch ſorrow ; but ſhe had no conſolation to offer, and was not in a condition to attempt it. ' Go to my mother,' was all ſhe could ſay. She knew Madame de Roſenheim, with equal ſenſibility for the unhappy, had more preſence of mind. D'Alonville obeyed her, though hardly knowing what he did. He found Madame de Roſenheim ſeated in the midſt of her people, giving, with apparent compoſure, the neceſſary orders to every one. When moſt of them had departed D'Alonville advanced, and throwing himſelf on his knees, he ſeized her hands and bathed them with tears. Greatly afflicted, the Baroneſs ſpoke to him ſoothingly, and would have bade him expect happier days ; but her voice refuſed to articulate words of comfort to the hope of which her mind refuſed to admit. D'Alonville, ſobbing, attempted to ſpeak. " I would aſk," ſaid he, " permiſſion to bury my father,

and

and then to follow you, Madam, if I can be of any ſervice; if my feeble arm—if I may be employed." He could not go on; yet, after a ſhort pauſe regained his voice. "You have been more than a mother to me, Madam, in my extreme diſtreſs. Alas! I have now no parent; let me now call you my friend, my parent: yet, why, why ſhould I burthen you with my miſeries! A wretched outcaſt—it is fit I ſubmit to my fate; without a home, without even a country, without even a ſpot of earth in which I may lay the cold remains of my father!" Grief again overpowered him. Madame de Roſenheim ſummoned all her reſolution. 'You are welcome, dear Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'to remain with us wherever we may be, ſo long as it may be conſiſtent with your own ſafety. Do not yield to deſpair, which unfits you for its preſervation. Take any of my people to aſſiſt you, as haſtily as you can, for time preſſes; and let the laſt mournful offices be performed as decently as circumſtances will admit. I will order my

almoner

almoner to attend you.' Madame de Roſenheim then left him; and D'Alonville returned to the room where the corpſe of the Viſcount de Fayolles lay. In the clothes the Viſcount had on when he arrived at the caſtle, and wrapped in a ſheet, the unhappy D'Alonville, aſſiſted by ſome peaſants who were in the houſe, carried thoſe poor remains into the garden, where, as deep a grave being made as the time admitted, they were laid in the ground; Heurthofen muttering a ſervice reluctantly over them. He retired with the peaſants; and the grave being filled up, D'Alonville threw himſelf upon it, and gave way for a few moments to exceſs of grief. He then aroſe from the ground, and, looking around him, marked the place. A few paces beyond it was a long row of elms, now half leafleſs, and a few old firs. The immediate ſpot was marked by two or three laurels. "I ſhall reviſit this place again," cried D'Alonville; "I ſhall again ſhed tears of eternal regret over the earth that conceals

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the reliques of the beſt of fathers!" He would have relapſed into one of thoſe agonies of grief which renders the ſufferer incapable of attention to the circumſtances of his own ſituation, but he was awakened from the indulgence of unavailing ſorrow by a meſſenger from Madame de Roſenheim, deſiring to ſee him, and informing him that they were ready to depart. He haſtened into the houſe, and found the reluctant party arranged in order for their departure. An horſe was provided for him, on which he followed; together with Heurthofen and ſeveral domeſtics; the coach contained Madame de Roſenheim, Madame D'Alberg, two female ſervants, and the three infant children.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

On either ſide my thoughts inceſſant turn:
Forward I dread, and looking back I mourn.

POPE'S ODYSSEY.

THE heavy loaded German coach proceeded very ſlowly, in a country where to proceed faſt is never poſſible; and which was rendered now more difficult to travel in, by the long-continued rains that had laid many leagues of the country, on the banks of the Moſelle, under water. D'Alonville, to whom a pair of piſtols and a ſabre had been given on his leaving the caſtle, rode penſively after the carriage, having no inclination to converſe with Heurthofen, who, from time to time, caſt towards him glances ſufficiently expreſſive of the little good-will he bore him. Diſlike is uſually reciprocal: and though in the agitated and diſtreſſed ſtate of mind in which D'Alonville had lately been, he had given but little heed to the ungracious manners of

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the almoner towards him, the want of humanity and feeling towards his father, which Heurthofen had evidently betrayed, had not escaped him; and the sight of him now raised only uneasy recollections. No conversation, therefore, arose to call off, even for a moment, the thoughts of D'Alonville from his own situation: a situation that appeared insupportable the moment he began to think of it steadily. Hitherto solicitude for his father, his faint hopes, and his distracting fears, had absorbed every consideration for himself; but now he had lost this object of his anxiety, and all the horrors of his destiny rushed upon his mind.

"What am I! and whither am I going! What will become of me! and what right have I to the friendship of these strangers! How long ought I to receive obligations which I know not that I can ever repay, even if they are willing and able to continue them!" Such were the reflections that crowded on his mind; and the pain they inflicted was so accute, that he was

almost

almoſt unconſcious of what paſſed; but, drooping under the weight of his ſorrows, he went mechanically on, becauſe he had once ſet out. The weather, which in the morning ſeemed to clear up, darkened again as the ſun declined. A tempeſt of rain and wind made their progreſs ſo tedious, that it became impoſſible for the coach to proceed to the place where Madame de Roſenheim had intended to dine. Nine miles beyond a very large wood, which they were now in, and in which, towards its extremity, a miſerable hovel, with a ſign that announced it entertained travellers, offered them an aſylum againſt the furiouſly-driving ſtorm that had threatened, for ſome moments, to tear up by the roots the trees under which they had been paſſing, and had even ſcattered many large branches around them. Madame D'Alberg was alarmed for the ſafety of her children, who were fatigued and reſtleſs; and the horſes were unable to proceed without ſome reſt. Into this humble cabin then it was determined

by

by the ladies to go, and to take there ſome refreſhments, which they had brought with them; while the horſes in a ſhed near it, were placed to take the food and reſt, of which they were too evidently in need. There was only one place in this wretched hovel that could be called a room, below ſtairs, and another above. Into this upper room the ladies, the children, and the female ſervants, retired; while, D'Alonville, Heurthofen, and the men, aſſembled in the other; but Madame D'Alberg (who had not only that goodneſs of heart which always makes misfortune intereſting, but that delicacy of mind which tries to blunt the arrows of affliction, ſo acutely felt by thoſe who have been in ſuperior life) no ſooner ſaw her mother and the children a little recovered from the fatigue of being ſhut up ſo many hours in a coach in rugged and tedious roads, than ſhe deſcended the ſomething between ſteps and a ladder which went to the lower room, and enquired for the Chevalier D'Alonville.

The Chevalier D'Alonville, though his clothes were wet through, and though he certainly needed refreſhment as much as any of the party, had been ſo little forward to aſk it, that the men, each eager to take care of himſelf, had failed to recollect him, but were aſſembled round Heurthofen, eating, drinking, and aſking his opinion of what would happen in the village of Roſenheim, and what he thought would be their own deſtination; for it was not yet known among them that Madame de Roſenheim had determined to go to Coblentz for immediate ſafety, and from thence to Vienna, if, as was but too probable, ſhe could not return to the caſtle. Neglected by Heurthofen, the only perſon from whom he had a right to expect the civility that one gentleman uſually ſhews to another, D'Alonville, with his back againſt a hole in the mud-wall, which was intended for a window, and through which the rain beat, though he ſeemed not ſenſible of it, with folded arms and eyes fixed, was meditating on his deplorable deſtiny,

or

or rather ſeemed to meditate ; for his mind was in reality in a kind of palſy. He ſtarted however at the ſound of his name ; and to the inquiries of Madame D'Alberg he anſwered, that he was doing well. " Doing well !" exclaimed ſhe, " I fear not. Have you had any refreſhment ? or," added ſhe, ſuppoſing he might be hurt if ſhe ſeemed to group him with her ſervants, " perhaps you had rather partake of the leſs ſubſtantial meal which we women are going to make above. Come, Monſieur Heurthofen, we have room for the Chevalier and you above : you will come up and ſhare our repaſt." ' I believe,' anſwered Heurthofen, very evidently diſpleaſed, " I believe there will be but little time to think any more of repaſts, unleſs you intend, Madam, to ſleep as well as eat here.' " If we do," replied Madame D'Alberg, " I ſuppoſe that the inconveniences of the place, whatever they may be, will not be greater for you, Sir, than for us." Then turning from him, without attempting to conceal her diſguſt, ſhe

again addreſſed herſelf to D'Alonville, and, in the voice of friendſhip and kindneſs, invited him to ſhare their apartment, ſuch as it was. D'Alonville, afraid of intruding upon her kindneſs, would have excuſed himſelf; he tried to ſpeak, but in attempting, it burſt into tears. "You are too good," he would have ſaid, but he could not articulate; and the ſoothing manner in which Madame D'Alberg ſpoke to him, rouſed him from the dreary torpor of deſpair but to feel his fate more acutely, and to a ſenſe of ſomething like adoration for the lovely woman who took ſo generous an intereſt in that fate. "Come, come," ſaid Madame D'Alberg, forcing an appearance of cheerfulneſs, which ſhe was far from feeling; "Come, my young friend, conſider me as your elder ſiſter, my mother as yours, and let us in thoſe characters have a right to preach to you a little. Follow me," continued ſhe, giving him her hand, "and we will lecture you into a little more fortitude." D'Alonville, in the moſt reſpectful manner, lifted to

his

his lips the hand ſhe gave him, and followed her in ſilence.

Madame de Roſenheim received him with that kindneſs which ſhe had ſhewn from his firſt introduction to her. She invited him to partake of the repaſt they were going haſtily to eat; and ſpoke cheerfully, though in fact her diſquiet was extreme; and it was only by the utmoſt effort of reſolution that ſhe concealed from her daughter and attendants the real ſituation of her mind. D'Alonville, unwilling to appear inſenſible of her civilities, yet unable to anſwer them, could only teſtify by his looks the impreſſion her kindneſs made upon him; he drank the wine ſhe poured out for him, and endeavoured to ſwallow the food ſhe put before him. In turning his eyes on her countenance, and remarking the looks with which ſhe ſurveyed her daughter and little ones, he perceived the uneaſineſs ſhe felt for them, and was ſenſible of all the value of that real goodneſs of heart which, at ſuch a time, extended itſelf to-

wards a ſtranger, who had no other recommendation than his misfortune.

D'Alonville had not been many minutes in the room before Heurthofen, though he ſeemed to have declined the invitation Madame D'Alberg gave him, ſtalked up; and while he did more juſtice than D'Alonville to the proviſions on the table, he remonſtrated with Madame de Roſenheim on their ſtay, though it had yet been little more than a quarter of an hour. 'I merely ſtay,' ſaid Madame de Roſenheim, 'till the violence of the ſtorm is abated, and till the men and horſes are a little refreſhed.' "As to the ſtorm," anſwered Heurthofen, with leſs civility than he had ever ventured to uſe towards Madame de Roſenheim, "there is little chance of ſtaying it out, for you ſee it is more violent than ever:—and as to the people and the horſes, they are as well able to go on now as they will be half an hour hence. Unleſs, therefore, you or Madame D'Alberg," added he, turning his eyes with peculiar expreſſion

preſſion towards her; "unleſs you or Madame D'Alberg have any reaſons for wiſhing to paſs the night here, it is *my* humble opinion that you cannot too ſoon give directions for departing: Night is almoſt come. If we do not haſten on, what place can we reach before it is quite dark, where we have any chance either of getting beds, or of procuring horſes that may carry us on?"

There was ſomething in the manner rather than in the matter of this ſpeech, which Madame de Roſenheim thought very extraordinary; but the preſent was not a time to repreſs the impertinence of Heurthofen; which ſhe had ſometimes been compelled, on other occaſions, to do. He might now be neceſſary; and his ill-humour would contribute to the diſcomforts of a journey already diſagreeable enough: there was beſides, the appearance of truth in what he ſaid; and therefore, however ſhe felt hurt at the little reſpect with which he ſaid it, ſhe contented herſelf with coldly deſiring him to haſten the

people, as ſhe and her daughter were ready. Heurthofen, caſting a malignant look towards D'Alonville (which did not eſcape the obſervation of Madame D'Alberg) then left the room; and, notwithſtanding the rain was as violent as ever, the horſes were harneſſed, and they left this miſerable cabin in the ſame order as they had entered it; but before they had gone on a mile, it was ſo very dark, that Madame de Roſenheim almoſt repented not having ſtayed under the ſhelter it had afforded, wretched as it was. She knew, the road they had to paſs was yet worſe than what they had paſſed already; and that, with horſes ſo fatigued, it was impoſſible for them to reach the place where, at their firſt ſetting out, they had propoſed to dine, before it would be quite dark.—No remedy however appeared; and the only hope ſhe had was, that as the night advanced, the clouds might break away; and that the moon, which ſhe found roſe about eight o'clock, might afford them light enough to guide

them

them to this place, without their meeting with other inconveniences than thoſe of roads tedious and rough, but not dangerous, while they could diſcern their way.

The quantity of water and mud which, from the violent floods, covered thoſe roads, had ſo unuſually fatigued the horſes that drew the coach, that every ſtep they took ſeemed to be the laſt that they could take. Heavily, heavily, they moved on; then their drivers were compelled to ſtop; again proceed half a quarter of a mile, and then ſtop again. Thus, they hardly went a mile in an hour; and half their weary way was not made when they were ſtopped by the overflowing of a ſmall river, or rather brook (for in ſummer it is no more) that empties itſelf into the Moſelle. The extent of the flood appeared, as far as they could diſcern, to be much greater than any they had yet paſſed; but the men ſeemed to think they could ſafely go through it; and Heurthofen, who rode foreward to the coach-window, aſſured Ma-

dame de Roſenheim that he had paſſed the place often when the waters were equally high, and that there was no danger. Madame de Roſenheim, however, could with difficulty be perſuaded of this; and the alarm of Madame D'Alberg was ſtill greater. The former ſaid it would be better to wait till the moon, which now appeared faintly, ſhould afford them light to ſee the marks which, in ſuch places, are generally made to direct travellers through the floods. To this the men, and particularly Heurthofen, reluctantly conſented; but as the wind and rain ſeemed to contend which ſhould render their ſtay the moſt comfortleſs, they ſoon became impatient, and again repreſented the poſſibility of paſſing in perfect ſecurity. Madame D'Alberg, by the light of the moon (half obſcured by dark clouds) looked acroſs the troubled extent of water which the wind drove up againſt the wheels of the coach, and trembling at the idea of truſting her children to it, entreated her mother rather to remain

where

where they were than to venture acroſs it. D'Alonville, who ſaw her extreme diſtreſs, now advanced, and entreated that Madame de Roſenheim would give him leave to ride through it firſt. "If I arrive on the other ſide without danger, I can return and guide the coach; if not, I ſhall have given up in your ſervice a life which to me is merely a burthen." 'No, Sir,' cried Heurthofen, rudely, 'you know there is no danger. You ſee by the appearence of the water that it is not deep; your knight-errantry therefore is perfectly uſeleſs, and can anſwer no other purpoſe than to waſte time and increaſe our difficulties. Go on, poſtillions; I am ſure it is perfectly ſafe.' "No, no," cried Madame D'Alberg, "do not go on; I will not paſs the water unleſs I am more convinced that we can paſs it in ſecurity than I am by the poſitive aſſertions of Monſieur Heurthofen." 'Since you are ſo very clear as to its being ſafe, Heurthofen,' ſaid Madame de Roſenheim, 'I have no ſcruple in deſiring you

to go through it firſt, to ſatisfy my daughter's fears. You have a tall horſe, and you ſay you are perfectly acquainted with the road; you can therefore have no objection to going forward; and being once ſecure that the paſſage is ſafe, you can halloo to us to follow you when you reach the place where the water ceaſes to be deep.

To this Heurthofen, after a pauſe which ſhewed how little he approved of the propoſal, anſwered, that he would go: to be ſure he would go; that is, if he thought it neceſſary; but he could now diſcern the poſts ſet to mark the height of the water, and he was perfectly ſure that the coach might, without the leaſt riſk, go acroſs. "Well," anſwered Madame de Roſenheim, "however, Heurthofen, if my daughter conſents to go, do you go on firſt with two of the ſervants; and the Chevalier D'Alonville, with the two others, will keep cloſe to the carriage behind." Madame D'Alberg ſtill expreſſed extreme apprehenſion; yet as the

moon by this time afforded conſiderable light, and as not only Heurthofen, but the poſtillions and one of the men, declared they now knew the way perfectly, ſhe at length, though reluctantly, conſented. Heurthofen with two ſervants went on firſt; and for a conſiderable way the coach proceeded along a ſort of cauſeway raiſed about a foot above the low marſhy ground, which extended on each ſide of the rivulet for near a quarter of a mile. Heurthofen now, nearly at the end of this cauſeway, and believing that he had a right to triumph in the propriety of his advice, and in the proweſs he had ſhewn, ſpurred his weary horſe to gain at once dry land, when he plunged in and diſappeared—too late, however, to obviate the danger to the coach, which he had been ſent forward to prevent. The two leading horſes inſtantly fell into the ſame gulph; and as there was neither time nor thought enough to cut the traces, the other two almoſt as immediately followed;

and

and the coach was overturned in the water.

It was at this moment of extreme peril that D'Alonville ſeemed to recover at once his reſolution and preſence of mind. Regardleſs of any danger to himſelf, he threw himſelf from his horſe, and cut with his ſabre the leather * of the carriage, which was not quite half under water; he then ſeized the firſt object he found: it was the infant ſon of Madame D'Alberg. He gave the child inſtantly to one of the men, who, ſeeing him in the water, had diſmounted alſo. D'Alonville then ſnatched out another of the children. The nurſe, with the third in her arms, was dragged out by the men; and while they carried them to the ſhore, D'Alonville endeavoured to extricate the Baroneſs and Madame D'Alberg. Another ſervant was ſtill in the coach, who, as the firſt law of na-

* German coaches are made partly like a French cabriole; from whence a leather projects, which forms, in winter, another ſide; in ſummer, is let down for the air.

ture

ture operated ſtrongly upon her, ſcuffled ſo well for herſelf, that ſhe diſengaged herſelf, and ſprang into the ſtream, whence ſhe walked to the bank; but the two ladies were more than half dead, when, with the aſſiſtance of all the men about them, except Heurthofen, who did not apppear, they were both carried on ſhore; the deepeſt part of the place into which the coach had fallen, not being over their ſhoulders. The extremity of the danger to which his benefactreſſes were expoſed, had lent to D'Alonville ſpirits and ſtrength, that threatened to forſake him when he thought theſe exertions uſeleſs, and that they were loſt. Without any means of aſſiſting them, he gave himſelf up to deſpair, and ran about for a moment like a madman. The Baroneſs's woman, who had ſuffered the leaſt, ſeeing herſelf in ſafety, began to think of her miſtreſs; and while the woman who had the care of the children, was buſied in recovering the only one who had ſwallowed much water, the ſervant of the Baroneſs

endeavoured

endeavoured to render her lady and Madame D'Alberg ſuch aſſiſtance as occurred to her. Madame de Roſenheim was the firſt reſtored to her ſenſes, but was yet unconſcious of her ſituation; and believing herſelf ſtill ſtruggling amidſt the current, ſhe faintly cried, "Save my daughter and her children:" As ſoon as her woman heard her ſpeak, ſhe renewed her efforts to reſtore her to her ſenſes, and exhorted her to recollect herſelf, aſſuring her Madame D'Alberg and the children were ſafe. She ſoon was more compoſed; but, when ſhe ſaw her daughter lying by her apparently dead, her reaſon, feebly returning, threatened again to forſake her. Roufed, however, after a moment, by the danger of beings ſo dear to her, ſhe began herſelf to attempt aſſiſting her daughter and the little creatures, who, though ſaved from the immediate danger of drowning, were likely to periſh with cold. "Gracious God!" exclaimed ſhe, "what will become of us? Where ſhall we obtain help? Is there no houſe near?" The

moon

moon now high, lent her light in vain. Madame de Roſenheim beheld a dreary moor, where no human habitation appeared. Madame D'Alberg continued inſenſible, though ſhe breathed; and her mother, alternately preſſing the children to her agonized heart, believed the death of them all inevitable, and that ſhe had only ſeen them ſnatched from the water to periſh more miſerably on ſhore. At this moment ſhe caſt her melancholy eyes acroſs the marſh, and beheld a light moving at a diſtance. It ſoon approached nearer; and D'Alonville, with five peaſants, three men and two women, appeared: they brought with them what ſuch people in ſuch a place could collect. The hands and temples of Madame D'Alberg were chafed with brandy; and one of the men gathered together ſome pieces of rotten wood, to which he ſet fire. The warmth had an almoſt immediate effect on the child for whom they were moſt apprehenſive; Madame D'Alberg too, became ſuddenly ſenſible.

—She

—She ſtarted; attempted to ſpeak, but could not; while her mother, re-animated with hope, renewed thoſe exertions which had effected this change; and not doubting now but that ſhe ſhould ſave her daughter if ſhe could be placed in ſome houſe, eagerly enquired whether there was any kind of ſhelter near? The female peaſants, impreſſed with high notions of the rank and conſequence of the ladies who it was their good fortune to ſuccour, anſwered, That their cottage was about a mile diſtant, concealed behind a ſmall riſe. The queſtion was, how to convey thither Madame D'Alberg, who was certainly unable to walk. However, as there were ſix peaſants and D'Alonville preſent, their deliberations were ſoon ended by the declaration of one of the men, that they could without difficulty carry Madame D'Alberg among them. This they immediately executed; and Madame de Roſenheim, though from her faintneſs and the weight of her clothes drenched with water, proceeded ſlowly,

yet

yet exerted herſelf ſo well, that ſhe arrived at the cottage, though not till after her daughter, who was already placed before a fire, had recovered her ſenſes, and was now embracing her children, and now eagerly aſking for her mother; of whoſe ſafety ſhe could not be convinced till ſhe appeared. Tears relieved them both; the mother and daughter wept a moment in each other's arms. The former then regaining her uſual ſerenity, began to contrive how they might paſs the night; and with the aſſiſtance of the women, dry clothes, and a mattreſs for the children ſpread before the fire, was immediately obtained. When they were provided for, the Baroneſs and Madame D'Alberg, inſtead of attending to themſelves, enquired for their people, ſome of whom they feared might be loſt; but they learned that all the domeſtics had appeared; and the women-ſervants, began to be very eloquent in praiſe of D'Alonville, to whom they declared the

preſervation of the family had been entirely owing; deſcribing, as well as the confuſion they were in at the time had allowed them to remark, how he had ſaved them all. "It was dear little maſter he took firſt, as I held him up as high as I could," ſaid the nurſe. Madame D'Alberg kiſſed her ſon, and involuntarily bleſſed his preſerver. 'Excellent young man!' cried her mother! 'how infinite are our obligations to him! but where is he? It would eaſe my overburthened heart to thank him!' The men had retired from the room; but one of the women informed her, that when the Chevalier D'Alonville had ſeen them all ſafe in the houſe, and likely to do well, he had gone back to aſſiſt the men in getting up the coach, which was not an eaſy taſk; as from the ſtruggles of the horſes to diſengage themſelves, it had been dragged farther, and was more entangled than when they quitted it.

At length D'Alonville and the men returned

returned with the coach, which they had dragged out with ropes, and by the aid of other horſes: and on a muſter made of the whole party, it appeared that none were miſſing but Heurthofen, who, they all concluded, was drowned.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Long were to tell
What I have done, what ſuffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd the vaſt unbounded deep!—
But I,
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc'd to ride
Th'untractable abyſs. MILTON.

EARLY the next morning the ſuffering party, their equipage being repaired enough to carry them to a town about five miles diſtant, proceeded thither, drawn by ſuch horſes as the peaſants could furniſh them with. The ladies had endured more from terror than from the water; but the children appeared to be reſtored; and as they went along, Madame de Roſenheim ſpoke of nothing but the gallantry and preſence of mind that had been ſo fortunately exerted by the Chevalier D'Alonville. Madame D'Alberg ſaid leſs; but appeared equally ſenſible of the obligations they all owed to the young ſtranger. The women

were

were loquacious in his praiſe; and while they ſpoke of his merits, did not forget to dwell on his perſonal beauty. "Such a ſweet young man!" cried one of them! 'Such a genteel pretty young man!' echoed the other. Then "what an affectionate ſon! Poor dear gentleman, how he wept for his father! A good creature, I'll anſwer for him." In making this eulogium on the living, theſe good women had loſt all recollection of the dead; and the unfortunate almoner Heurthofen was as much forgotten as if he had been already buried ſeven years. He had never, indeed, been a great favourite in the family, though he had lived in it ſome time. He was originally a dependant on a miniſter of ſtate at Vienna, who, from an ancient attachment to his mother, or for ſome other reaſon, had educated him in France, the language of which country he ſpoke as well as his own; but his protector being diſplaced, his views of preferment had been diſappointed. A ſituation of truſt at the caſtle of Roſen-

heim,

heim, which his patron procured for him by his intereſt with the Baron, was, with a ſmall annual ſtipend from the bounty of his firſt protector, thought an eligible poſt for him till ſomething better occurred. Three years he had unwillingly ſubmitted to bury, in the dull rotine of mere buſineſs in the Baron's private eſtabliſhment, talents which he thought entitled him to move in a very different ſphere; when he was ſuppoſed to have ended his ſhort career. The natural goodneſs of Madame de Roſenheim's heart prompted her to think well of every body till they had given her ſome very good reaſons to change her opinion. Heurthofen was not a man for whom ſhe could feel much eſteem; yet, as whatever his failings were, he had contrived to keep them from her obſervation, ſhe contented herſelf with repreſſing the only fault ſhe diſcovered in him,—a deſire to govern and dictate in the abſence of the Baron; and thought of him generally with her uſual candour. His death there-

fore

fore gave her very great concern, and more particularly as it ſeemed to have been owing to his having gone forward by her deſire. Madame D'Alberg acquieſced in her mother's expreſſions of pity; but with a degree of coldneſs, which ſeemed to ſay that ſhe felt leſs for the death of Heurthofen than one would have ſuppoſed ſhe would have done for that of a perfect ſtranger, periſhing as it were, before her eyes. The ſpirits of the whole party revived on their reaching the town where it had been their intention to ſtop in their firſt day's journey. There they prepared to paſs the night. Madame de Roſenheim remarked with real uneaſineſs the looks of D'Alonville, who appeared abſolutely ſinking under the exceſſive fatigue of ſo many days of ſuffering and of exertion; and had juſt placed him by her at their early ſupper, and prevailed upon him to eat ſomething, when one of the men-ſervants entered the room, and informed his lady, with more appearance of ſurpriſe than pleaſure,

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that the almoner was alive, and coming up ſtairs. Heurthofen immediately entered, and was received by Madame de Roſenheim with great ſatisfaction. The reſt of the party were ſilent, and liſtened to the narrative he gave of his eſcape, without ſeeming to take much intereſt in it; while the almoner, either from remarking this coldneſs, or becauſe he really thought himſelf injured, continued to tell the miracles of his involuntary voyage, interlarding his narrative with the expreſſions of *when I was thus abandoned — when thus I was left to ſtruggle alone.* — "In this diſtreſſed condition, without any hope of ſaving my life," ſaid he, "I was carried down the ſtream, for ſome time, upon my horſe. At length, collecting all my preſence of mind, I imagined it would be beſt to abandon the animal, who was nearly exhauſted. I diſengaged myſelf then, and leaving him to *his* fate, as I had been before left to mine, I endeavoured by ſwimming, in which I was a tolerable proficient,

cient, to gain the ſhore; but the current into which I had thus inadvertently plunged, in obedience to your wiſhes, Madam, was too rapid for me; and imagine what were my ſentations, when I heard the ruſh of waters, which I knew to be the torrent of a mill-ſtream!" 'It is ſingular,' ſaid Madame D'Alberg, 'indeed, that, among this mighty ruſh of waters, you ſhould diſtinguiſh the noiſe of a mill-ſtream from the ſtream you were ſtruggling in.' "Not at all, Madam," anſwered Heurthofen, "I was convinced I ſhould be driven through the mill-race, and perhaps daſhed to pieces. Succourleſs as I was, and enfeebled by having ſo long contended with the boiling torrent, I gave myſelf up for loſt, when, as a laſt effort, I hallooed as loud as I could. Fortunately my voice was heard; a miller came forth with a lantern. He extended a pole towards me, on which I ſeized. With difficulty (for the man was leſs able than willing) I was dragged on ſhore. I mounted my horſe." 'Your horſe!' ſaid Madame

D'Alberg — 'I thought he had been drowned in the firſt ſetting out.' "No, Madam," replied Heurthofen, "I did not ſay ſo; though he was left, it did not follow that he was drowned. He—he—ſwam aſhore higher up; and was, I know not by whom, caught." 'But would it not have been better,' ſaid Madame D'Alberg, 'ſince you were ſo nearly exhauſted, and had ſuffered ſo much—would it not have been better to have gone into the mill for refreſhment?' "I could not," replied Heurthofen, after a moment's pauſe; "for no ſooner had the man who had aſſiſted me to the river's boundary, and another who came to his aid, ſurveyed my figure, than they declared I was a ſpy; and they had ſome inclination to precipitate me again into the raging cataract!" 'A ſpy!' cried Madame D'Alberg, 'what extraordinary notions theſe people muſt have of ſpies, to imagine that one of them would proceed on his miſſion by water at ſuch a time of night!' "I cannot anſwer for their notions," ſaid Heurthofen, "but I know,

I know, Madam, that owing to this abſurd notion, I narrowly eſcaped greater inconveniences even than thoſe I had paſſed through." 'Poor Heurthofen!' ſaid Madame de Roſenheim, who though ſhe knew he was rodomontading, had compaſſion alike for his late eſcape and preſent confuſion — 'Poor Heurthofen! your perils do indeed ſeem to have been greater than ours.' She good-naturedly wiſhed to turn the converſation; but her daughter was not diſpoſed to let him off ſo eaſily. 'Well, but inform us, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'ſince you have ſo far excited our curioſity, inform us if you pleaſe, how you got out of the hands of thoſe injudicious perſons.' "I eſcaped them on horſeback," replied Heurthofen, who had by this time recollected himſelf; "and making the beſt of my way from them, notwithſtanding the impervious darkneſs of the night"— 'Nay, nay,' cried the inexorable Madame D'Alberg, again interrupting him, 'it was not ſo very dark neither; there was a moon, you know!"

" Nothing could be darker, however," anſwered Heurthofen, " than were the woods into which I plunged." ' To what purpoſe ?' enquired Madame D' Alberg. " In endeavouring to find my way back," replied he, " to the fatal place where I had left the coach, in the hope, feeble as I own it was, to ſave the family." ' Ah ! you were very kind indeed, Sir,' anſwered the lady. " Fortunately for us, the Chevalier D'Alonville was near at hand, to whoſe activity and reſolution we all owe our lives ; which but for him would undoubtedly have been loſt, before your plunging into woods and emerging out of boiling torrents would have permitted you to have come to our aſſiſtance." Heurthofen caſt an angry and indignant look at D'Alonville ; but what his mind ſuggeſted in anſwer to information evidently unwelcome to him, he had not time to expreſs ; a ſervant at that moment entering the room, who ſaid a perſon deſired to ſpeak to the Abbé Heurthofen. He was not much diſpoſed to move ; and

enquired

enquired, rather peeviſhly, who could poſſibly have any buſineſs with him? The ſervant ſaid the man looked like a miller; and Heurthofen, without farther heſitation, went down; Madame D'Alberg gravely remarking as he left the room, that ſhe was afraid it might be one of the men who had miſtaken him for a ſpy, and was now come in purſuit of him.

"You are too hard upon Heurthofen," ſaid Madame De Roſenheim to her daughter, when he had left the room: "you ſee, my dear, he has a mind to make a merit of his ſufferings." 'He does wiſely, certainly,' returned Madame D'Alberg, 'to excuſe as well as he can his deſertion of us; but he lies ſo awkwardly that it provokes one.' "I own," anſwered her mother, ſmiling, "he has forgot himſelf, as Cervantes did about Sancho's aſs; but I dare ſay he has ſuffered conſiderably." 'I have no pity,' cried Madame D'Alberg, 'for his ſelfiſh ſufferings. After the danger is over, and we are in ſafety at an inn, he finds us out, and, with a round red

face, as if he had eat or ſlept the whole time, inſults us with an impoſſible ſtory of dangers he ran (which never happened) in an attempt that he was too wiſe to make. I am very ſure, if we knew the truth, we ſhould find that he ſcrambled out of the water, and found his way to ſome houſe, which he probably knew of before, as he is well acquainted with this road; and that all theſe whirlpools, and enemies, and Cimmerian woods, exiſted nowhere but in his own head, and were created only to excite our pity.' "You judge too hardly, Adriana," ſaid the Baroneſs. 'You will find I am right, Madam,' anſwered her daughter. The almoner did not return, and the party ſeparated for the night; D'Alonville undertaking, at the inſtance of Madame de Roſenheim, to give early directions for a more complete repair of the coach, and to procure horſes for their journey.

When Madame D'Alberg retired to the room that was prepared for her, her woman, full of the events of the paſt days,

began

began to descant upon them. "Surely, never had any family such a narrow escape," cried she. "I am sure, now I come to think upon it coolly, my blood quite *cruddles* as it were in my veins. It is a great mercy we are alive to tell of it."
'It *is* certainly,' answered her mistress.
'But have you heard the more miraculous story of poor Heurthofen, and how near he had been lost in attempting to come back to us?' "*He* lost," exclaimed the woman; "Has he made you believe so, Madam?" Madame D'Alberg then related all the hair-breadth 'scapes which the almoner had described. "Well!" exclaimed the woman, "if I am not amazed at the assurance of some folks! So far from his having been in all this danger, I am very sure he scrambled out but a little way beyond where he blundered into the hole, which, after all his boasting, he ought to have known of; though I believe indeed he was pretty well frightened, and glad to find himself safe. He took special care not to get into danger again by trying to help

us; but trotted off to a mill, a mile or two lower down; where he told the people that he was benighted, and had narrowly escaped drowning. They took him in, and gave a warm bed and good supper. The man that took care of his horse not being in the way when he set out from thence this morning, came here by chance to-night with flour, and hearing that the Abbé Heurthofen was at this inn, he sent up to ask for money for the trouble he had taken with his horse. The poor beast, it seems, was in a bad condition, having been hurt in scrambling up a high bank; but as to the Abbe himself, he was a great deal more frightened than hurt. The miller has been telling our men all about it."

'I wish,' said Madame D'Alberg, 'the man could be made to repeat the story to us as we get into the coach to-morrow; my mother will hardly be brought to believe that Heurthofen, instead of attempting to return to our assistance, went prudently off, and consulted his own safety.'

"Ah! Madam," replied her woman, "I

am

am ſure he richly deſerves to have the truth known; but my good lady the Baroneſs is ſo backward to believe any ill of him—a ſly fellow. As to this time, he has taken care to ſend the man off, and ſo we ſhall never hear any more of the truth than we know already; and he will have credit for all his boaſting." 'Heurthofen,' ſaid Madame D'Alberg, 'ſeems to be no favourite of yours.'—"No, indeed," anſwered the woman; "I have not much cauſe to love him." Madame D'Alberg was too much fatigued to enter this evening into the cauſes of diſguſt that Heurthofen had given her ſervant; ſhe diſmiſſed her therefore, and endeavoured to quiet her ſpirits, and to obtain the repoſe ſhe ſo greatly wanted.

The next day they proceeded on their journey, and the day following reached Coblentz; nothing occurring worth remark, unleſs it was the ill humour of Heurthofen, whoſe evil diſpoſition towards D'Alonville viſibly increaſed.—D'Alonville cared very little for his diſ-

pleaſure; and was indeed hardly conſcious that ſuch a man exiſted. Madame de Roſenheim and her daughter found ſome difficulty in procuring lodgings in a town already crowded with perſons who, driven from the frontiers, had taken ſhelter there. A female friend, whoſe huſband was abſent, made room for them in her hotel; but D'Alonville, who would no longer be troubleſome to them, reſorted to his own countrymen, among whom he found a diſtant relation of his mother's, a Mareſchal de Camp, who, though by no means in high affluence himſelf, having ſaved very little, ſupplied him with money for his preſent ſupport, and received him into a ſmall apartment in the ſame houſe.

It was natural for him to pay the moſt aſſiduous attention to perſons to whom he was infinitely obliged; and gratitude, as well as the eſteem which their characters inſpired, attached him every day more and more to the Baroneſs de Roſenheim and her daughter. He conſidered the former as his mother, the latter as his

ſiſter;

ſiſter; and attempted not to conceal the affection he felt for them, or that the only alleviating circumſtance he at preſent found for his misfortunes, was being admitted on the moſt friendly footing to viſit them; while, on their parts, they were both equally pleaſed with him; and as they knew more of him, felt a ſtronger intereſt in his fate. The younger lady, who had now received aſſurances that her huſband was ſafe, and would ſoon be with her, reaſſumed her uſual ſerenity, and waited, without uneaſineſs, the inſtructions that were expected from the Baron as to their future meaſures. Madame de Reſenheim ſeemed to be perſuaded that he would direct them to go to him at Vienna; and as ſhe wiſhed to continue to be of ſervice to her young French friend, ſhe had held ſeveral conferences with her daughter on the means of retaining D'Alonville with them, without ſhocking the pride which his high birth and exalted notions of honour had very properly inſpired. Heurthofen, whoſe hatred of D'Alonville he did not even attempt

tempt to conceal, was very ſeldom of the parties which the Baroneſs collected round her. He contented himſelf with a cold and ſullen performance of his duties in the family, and paſſed almoſt all the reſt of his time in ſocieties of his own; but to the ſervants he openly expreſſed his diſapprobation of the Baroneſs's conduct, in encouraging around her ſo many of the French emigrants; and avowed his hopes that they would ſoon go to Vienna, and ſhake off thoſe coxcombs; for a ſofter name he could not find for men whoſe ſuperiority, though he felt it, he was too proud to allow. Heurthofen was a man of a ſingular character; of which pride and ſelf-conſequence were the predominant features. Thrown by his birth at a great diſtance from the eminence he deſired to aſpire to, and apparently condemned, by having taken orders in the Catholic church, to remain for ever dependant on his patron, or to become the paſtor of ſome German village, his ambitious ſpirit ſoared above his obſcure lot; and he had neither feelings

nor

nor principles likely to check any means, however daring or however immoral, which that ſpirit might prompt him to uſe for his exaltation. With a cool head and a callous heart, he had none of thoſe paſſions which ſo often baffle and betray the ſchemes of the politician. Incapable alike of friendſhip or of love, he had yet ſo much perſonal vanity, that he was perſuaded his abilities gave him a general command over the minds of others; that no man could detect him whom he determined to deceive; no woman reſiſt him whoſe affections he deſired to appropriate. He had not that degree of taſte and diſcrimination which would have led him to admire the talents, virtues, and graces of Madame D'Alberg; but he had tried to ingratiate himſelf with her, in hopes to have the glory of diſcovering, that even a woman of underſtanding ſo ſuperior, could not reſiſt his art and his eloquence. The haughty repulſe he had continually met with, and the pointed diſlike towards him which Madame D'Alberg always expreſſed, had

morti-

mortified and piqued him, without curing him of his preſumptuous folly. He was ſtill perſuaded, that only opportunity and perſeverance were wanting to obtain a more favourable reception; till her acquaintance with the Chevalier D'Alonville alarmed his pride. by ſhewing him, that while he was treated with haughty reſerve, and kept at a diſdainful diſtance, this young man of whom nothing was known but his misfortunes, was received and conſidered like an equal; but *he* appeared at the parties of the Baroneſs only as a *dependant*. Rage and hatred boiled in his boſom, and ſtimulated his intriguing and malignant ſpirit to puniſh the authors of the pain he felt, while he ſought more ardently than ever for occaſions to raiſe himſelf above the humiliating ſituation, where his dependence ſeemed to counteract perpetually the aſcendency of talents, which he believed would, under other circumſtances, be irreſiſtible.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Il n'eſt point de peril, que je n'oſe affronter,
Je hazarderai tout.——— VOLTAIRE.

THE family, who had been driven thus precipitately from the caſtle of Roſenheim, had no ſooner been ſafely ſettled at Coblentz, than the Baroneſs ſent off a meſſenger to Vienna to acquaint her huſband of their being in a place of ſecurity, and to aſk his future directions. The meſſenger returned in the due courſe of time, with a letter from the Baron de Roſenheim, in which he expreſſed his ſatisfaction that his family were in ſafety, after ſo many perils, and aſſured them that he would ſoon be with them. He added, "I am almoſt afraid to enquire whether, under ſuch circumſtances of haſte and terror, you thought of thoſe papers and deeds that were in a cloſet in the wall near the chapel, of which Heurthofen ought to have, and I hope has, taken care. He

knew

knew they were there, and he knows the infinite conſequence they are to me, and ſtill more to my daughter: they are indeed ſo material, that it would be a leſs loſs to me to have Roſenheim deſtroyed than to loſe them: hers and her childrens ſucceſſion to a great part of my property, depends on thoſe deeds. I had ſo little idea of any inroad from the French patriots when I left Roſenheim, that I gave no charge about them; but I ſent you the key of the iron-door which ſecures them, and a charge to you to take care of them, by the meſſenger who was, I find, robbed on his way back: a circumſtance that, together with your not naming them among the effects you carried with you to Coblentz, makes me very apprehenſive that theſe very material deeds may have been forgotten;—but even then, as it could anſwer no purpoſe to the banditti, who have perhaps plundered my houſe, to take or to deſtroy ſuch things; as the ſmall iron-door is very little obſervable, and could not but with great difficulty be opened,

there

there is ſuch a chance of my recovering theſe parchments, that, if they have unfortunately been forgot, I entreat that ſome of the ſervants who know the place may be ſent back to attempt to regain them. If, as I have reaſon to believe, there is a French garriſon at Roſenheim, I ſhould not heſitate to write to the commander; or even to offer money for leave to take away thoſe papers, which they cannot make the leaſt uſe of. Not a moment is to be loſt in attempting to recover them, ſhould my apprehenſions of their having been neglected be well grounded; and I entreat you to exert yourſelf in doing ſo; and that you will remember how very much depends upon it. It is very diſtreſſing, that my private and public duties are at this moment ſo incompatible, that when you moſt want me, I cannot be with you."

On the peruſal of this letter, Madame de Roſenheim, to whom the importance of thoſe papers was well known, was ſtruck with conſternation and concern. She ſent immediately

immediately for Heurthofen: he was not to be found; but the Baroneſs was but too well aſſured that he had taken no care to ſecure the papers. When he arrived, he anſwered her enquiries with great coldneſs. He ſaid that he had been too much hurried and occupied by her commands to attend the dying emigrant and his ſon, her young friend; and that if ſhe pleaſed to recollect what paſſed on their precipitate retreat, ſhe muſt do him the juſtice to acknowledge that ſhe did not allow him time to execute his duty to the Baron: That he had not the key; and never having been in habits of having the care of thoſe parchments, it was not wonderful he ſhould overlook the charge in a time of ſo much confuſion. Madame de Roſenheim, in great perplexity, then enquired of him, whether he could point out any perſon who was fit to be entruſted, and would undertake the taſk of endeavouring to regain them; but he with the utmoſt *ſangfroid* declined interfering, and ſaid, that he could not in conſcience recommend

commend it to any man, who valued his life, to undertake ſo perilous, and in his opinion, ſo uſeleſs an exploit. Madame D'Alberg came into the room, attended by D'Alonville, at this moment: ſhe immediately ſaw the uneaſineſs under which her mother ſuffered; and already deteſting Heurthofen, ſhe could not let paſs this opportunity of expreſſing her impatience and diſguſt. "I am ſurpriſed, Madam," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to Madame de Roſenheim, "that you ſhould find any difficulty in this matter. Undoubtedly Monſieur Heurthofen, who is ſo bravely adventurous; he who dared ſo heroically to brave the raging flood in order to our reſcue, will readily return to ſnatch from the invaders thoſe papers, of whoſe conſequence he is aware. Beſides," continued ſhe (throwing ſtill more irony into her manner) "he may perhaps have intereſt with Meſſieurs les Sans Culottes, whoſe principles, if I am rightly informed, he does not altogether diſclaim." Heurthofen evidently ſtruggled with his con-

fuſion

fuſion and rage; he bit his lips, and ſeemed to repreſs with difficulty the anſwer he was tempted to give. Madame de Roſenheim, however vexed by the loſs of the papers, and by the little hope there appeared of recovering them, was more diſpoſed to be angry with herſelf than with Heurthofen, whom ſhe diſmiſſed, deſiring him to conſider what could be done; and then ſhe gently intimated to her daughter that ſhe thought her too ſevere upon Heurthofen, "who, after all, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "was not ſo much to blame as I was. It was I who ought to have thought of thoſe papers; and if we never recover them, which it is very improbable we ever ſhall, it is only I who ought to be reproached with all the diſagreeable, indeed ruinous, conſequences that will follow." D'Alonville, who was yet ignorant of the ſubject of this converſation, now aſked if he might be indulged with an explanation. The Baroneſs read to him that part of her huſband's letter which related to his fears for thoſe valuable papers, and ſhe

ſpoke

ſpoke of the reproaches ſhe made herſelf for having forgotten them. D'Alonville recollected, that amidſt ſo many cares for her own family, and in an hour of ſuch danger and diſtreſs, his father's and his own ſituation had engaged ſo much of her time and thought; and he was affected almoſt to tears, when he found how much her generous pity for the calamities of ſtrangers was likely to injure her family. D'Alonville, however, was not a man to lament the misfortune of his friends without making ſome attempt to alleviate thoſe misfortunes; and the perſuaſion that he had himſelf been in a great meaſure the occaſion of that which his benefactreſs now deplored, he felt an irreſiſtible impulſe to attempt recovering thoſe papers, and he could not help inſtantly expreſſing what he felt; declaring with great warmth, that if they would only furniſh him with ſuch inſtructions as ſhould enable him to find the place, he would go himſelf, and endeavour to repair the loſs of what he knew himſelf to have been the cauſe.

Madame

Madame de Roſenheim, was ſtruck with the generoſity of his offer, and the zeal with which he expreſſed it; but it appeared to her ſo hazardous in the attempt, and ſo doubtful in the ſucceſs, that ſhe beſought him to mention it no more. She kindly endeavoured to perſuade him, that her omiſſion had not been owing to her attention to his father or himſelf; and while he remained with her, ſhe affected to make ſlight of a circumſtance which, he notwithſtanding ſaw, gave her the greateſt uneaſineſs. The Baroneſs having left the room for a few moments, D'Alonville obtained from Madame D'Alberg an avowal of the truth. She told him that, in conſequence of her father having no male heir, a very conſiderable part of his property would have gone, after his deceaſe, to a diſtant relation, had it not been for theſe deeds, executed by the grandfather of the preſent poſſeſſor, who had taken precautions to preſerve it to his own poſterity, whether male or female:—A power, however, which the relation

lation in queſtion was ſo much diſpoſed to diſpute, that he had been actually at law with the Baron ; — and the whole cauſe muſt turn on thoſe parchments. D'Alonville, more than ever confirmed in his reſolution to attempt regaining them at whatever riſk, forbore to expreſs his thoughts to Madame D'Alberg ; but left her in a few minutes, and went in ſearch of Heurthofen. Heurthofen, as uſual, was not to be met with. He ſeemed to have found a new ſet of acquaintance, with whom he conſtantly aſſociated ; and was only ſeen at the hotel inhabited by Madame de Roſenheim, at thoſe hours when it was neceſſary to appear as her chaplain. At their ſupper, therefore, the Chevalier D'Alonville met him ; and without being deterred by the ſupercilious coldneſs with which Heurthofen affected to treat him, he followed him out when he left the houſe, and accoſting him in the ſtreet, deſired to have a moment's converſation with him in a coffee-houſe not far from thence.—" With me ? Monſieur le Chevalier ;" replied the almoner. " I

ſhould not have ſuppoſed it likely you could have any buſineſs with me. Whatever it is, it is probably ſlight enough to be ſettled where we are; and let it be quickly, if you pleaſe, for I have an engagement, and am in haſte." D'Alonville deſpiſed the prieſt too much to reſent his impertinent and repulſive manner; but entering immediately on the ſubject, he deſired Heurthofen to inform him of what he knew as to the ſize and number of the parchments which were of ſo much conſequence, and to deſcribe to him, as nearly as he could, the place where they were to be ſought by any perſon who attempted to recover them. "Attempt to recover them!" exclaimed Heurthofen, "And *who will* attempt to recover them?"

'I will attempt it,' anſwered D'Alonville.

"You! Monſieur le Chevalier," replied he; "Indeed! I have always had reaſon to venerate and admire your feats of gallantry in the ſervice of the ladies; and, in truth, thus undertaking this adventure, proves you to be a moſt daring and adventurous knight; whoſe proweſs, or *boaſt* of proweſs,

will,

will, I dare ſay, meet with the uſual reward in ſuch caſes, — the ſmiles and favours of the fair."

'What do you mean, Sir?' ſaid D'Alonville, who could no longer command himſelf: 'I aſk of you information which may be material to the family in whoſe ſervice you are.' Heurthofen interrupted him by repeating, indignantly, the word "Service!"

'Yes, Sir,' cried D'Alonville, with increaſed warmth, 'I ſay ſervice—You are, according to my apprehenſion, a domeſtic in the family of the Baron de Roſenheim; and as ſuch you are obliged by your duty to give me the information I demand.'

"And who are you, Sir, and by what authority do you demand any thing of *me?* or by whoſe deſire troubl'e yourſelf with the affairs of the Baron de Roſenheim? I ſhall give you no information, Sir—I know nothing of you—You may or may not be the man you call yourſelf —You ſay you are a French noble."

'If I were not ſo,' ſaid D'Alonville,

interrupting him; 'if I could for a moment put myſelf upon a level with ſuch a perſon as you are, you would the next moment feel the chaſtiſement you deſerve, for your inſolence. Even as it is, I dare not truſt myſelf to talk to you longer, leſt I ſhould degrade myſelf, and forget the reſpect I owe to Madame de Roſenheim, whoſe ſervant, as ſuch, is exempt from my vengeance; but you muſt not imagine this matter is to end here.'

"Wherever you pleaſe, Monſieur le Chevalier," replied Heurthofen, as he walked another way. D'Alonville felt almoſt irreſiſtibly tempted to follow him, and knock him down; but however warm and impetuous his paſſion was at this moment, he had good ſenſe enough to remember, that the cauſe in which he was engaged would profit nothing by his giving away to the emotions he felt; and that it was neither proper for him to ſtrike a man who belonged to the houſehold of Madame de Roſenheim, nor a time for an individual of his nation to engage in the ſtreets of Coblentz in a broil,

broil, the real cauſe of which could not be explained. D'Alonville therefore ſuffered the prieſt to depart, without carrying with him any of thoſe marks of his reſentment which he ſo well had deſerved; but he was extremely vexed in reflecting that he had been baffled in his enquiry by the inſolence of this man, for whom he felt a decided antipathy; and that he had gained nothing as to the object of his enquiry. He would not however at that time yield to indignation and reſentment; but began to conſider whether it was not probable that ſome other of the domeſtics might ſupply him with the information he wanted. He had obſerved that the woman who attended Madame D'Alberg was talkative and communicative; extremely attached to her lady, and poſſeſſed of a good underſtanding. He knew, that as ſhe was a young and rather an handſome girl, he ſhould make himſelf liable to ſuſpicions very wide of the truth, by attempting to obtain a private conference with her; but this he was de-

termined to hazard. The next day he was early at the hotel inhabited by Madame de Rosenheim's family; and as he sat reading in the room where they usually assembled after breakfast, Madame D'Alberg sent down her femme de chambre for the very book he happened to have in his hand. D'Alonville eagerly seizing the opportunity, addressed himself to her; and telling her he had something very material to say to her, entreated her to sit down and hear him. The young woman, whose name was Bessola, being somewhat of a coquet, affected the utmost surprise. "Dear Sir," cried she, trying to disengage her hand, which D'Alonville had taken, "I wonder what you can have to say to me! It is quite impossible for me to stay, Sir—I must desire you to let me go—There! I declare my Lady calls me—Do pray, Sir, give me the book." 'I will,' replied D'Alonville, 'if you will tell me where I can have half an hour's conversation with you.' "Good gracious, Sir!" replied

plied Beſſola, " it is impoſſible you can have any thing to ſay to me, Sir; beſides, Chevalier, my Lady would take it ſo ill of me! and if ſhe would not, dear me! how is it poſſible for me to meet you, when I am ſure ſhe would never perhaps forgive me, if, when we are all as it were baniſhed from our own homes, and in ſuch troubleſome times, I ſhould deſire to go out for pleaſure! — I never go anywhere but to veſpers."

' And you will be at veſpers to-night, my pretty Beſſola, will you not? At the convent hard by where your Lady goes? Is it there you pay your devotions?" " Sometimes," replied Beſſola; " but now and then I go to the Cordeliers church, on the other ſide of the Grand Place." ' And it is there,' interrupted he eagerly, ' you will be to-night?' " Dear goodneſs," anſwered ſhe, " how you do worry one! — I cannot tell; — perhaps I may. There! my Lady wonders, no doubt, why I ſtay ſo long." A footman entered the room; and Beſſola, taking the book

from D'Alonville, faid artfully, "I'll inform my Lady, Sir, that you have done with the book." D'Alonville, vexed at the delay, and not being fure that fhe either meant to meet him, or if fhe did, being uncertain whether he could obtain from her the intelligence he wanted, went to his lodgings; but more mature reflection confirming him in his defign, he refolved, at whatever hazard of mifrepreſentation, to meet Beſſola; who, if not able to give him the information he wanted, might, he thought, put him in a way how to procure it from ſome of the other ſervants, who might be better acquainted with the particulars he wiſhed to learn.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Principio muros, obſcuraque limina porte
Quà greſſum extuleram, repeto et veſtigia retro
Obſervata ſequor per noctem, et lumine luſtro.

VIRG. ÆNEID, II.

AT the time appointed D'Alonville attended at the place where Mademoiſelle Beſſola had artfully hinted to him that he might meet her. He found her there, and prevailed on her at the door of the church to make with him a tour round another part of the town; and did not keep her long in ſuſpenſe as to the purport of his buſineſs with her. Beſſola, who had expected a declaration of love, ſeemed to be very much mortified at finding that the Chevalier merely meant to enquire after a parcel of old muſty parchments; and when he expreſſed his concern that he could not learn any thing that related to what was of ſo much conſequence to her Lady, ſhe replied, "I am ſorry, Sir, too, as I wiſh my Lady well;

but I dare ſay theſe deeds, or whatever you call them, that there is ſuch a racket about, are only the old Baron's pedigrees of twenty mile long, that carry back his quarterings beyond the flood, as they have told me. If that is all, I ſuppoſe there will be no great harm if they are never found again. The Abbé Heurthofen has told me ſometimes, in confidence, that, in his opinion, theſe great families are no better than we ourſelves; and that the ſubjection we are in to them—" ' The Abbé Heurthofen !' exclaimed D'Alonville, interrupting her, ' *He* holds theſe doctrines, does he ?" " Oh Lord, yes, Sir," replied Beſſola, " and a great many others, of which you have very little notion. Why Sir, he has been telling us lately—" D'Alonville liſtened eagerly to hear what Heurthofen had been inculcating, when the damſel was interrupted in her diſcourſe by Heurthofen himſelf, who ſuddenly came out from the door of an obſcure houſe near which they were paſſing, as little wiſhing to be

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ſeen as thoſe who met him; but he was ſo near them that neither could eſcape. He ſpoke with ſome warmth; and without immediately regarding the perſons who were thus in his path, to two or three ſtrange figures envelloped in mantles, who hurried away. Heurthofen too, caſting a ſignificant glance at D'Alonville and his companion, concealed himſelf from their farther obſervation, by haſtening down a dark paſſage near the place. D'Alonville, who knew that his conference with Beſſola might be miſinterpreted, was only concerned on her account; and he was the more mortified as ſhe herſelf ſeemed to be much alarmed, and very apprehenſive of the conſtruction Heurthofen might put upon her being thus obſerved traverſing the ſtreets of an evening with the Chevalier D'Alonville. Diſappointed equally perhaps on both ſides, they parted before they reached the hotel of Madame de Roſenheim. Beſſola, whom D'Alonville had flattered into ſome degree of good humour, promiſing be-

fore ſhe left him, that ſhe would endeavour to gather from the childrens maid, who had lived longer in the family. ſuch particulars as ſhe could recollect relative to the ſubject of his enquiry. With this promiſe D'Alonville was compelled to be content for that night; and his Quixotiſm had by this time determined him to ſet out the next day at all events. A wiſh to reviſit the ſpot of earth where his father lay buried, mingled itſelf with his eager deſire to ſhew his gratitude to the family of Madame de Roſenheim; and theſe two motives were ſtrong enough to make him diſregard any dangers that might threaten him in the execution of his deſign. He was, however, too ſolicitous for its ſucceſs to omit any precaution that might enable him to get through it; and early in the morning he ſet about procuring the dreſs of a Flemiſh peaſant. This was eaſily had, and he had juſt returned to his lodgings, after making the purchaſe, when that ſervant of Madame D'Alberg, who uſually attended on her

children,

children, entered his apartment. This woman, who was older, and of a very different diſpoſition from Beſſola, gave him a great deal of information. She ſaid, that having been often attending on the two little girls of whom the Baron was paſſionately fond, ſhe had ſometimes followed them into his room when he had been buſied among papers; and as the children ran about after him, ſhe had ſeen him depoſit papers in a ſtrong cloſet in the anti-room to the chapel, which communicated by a private paſſage with his ſtudy; of which cloſet he always kept the key himſelf. The room was hung with coarſe arras, which concealed the cloſet; but from her account, and the marks ſhe made upon a card he gave her, he thought he perfectly underſtood where to look for it, and even hoped from her deſcription, that if the caſtle of Roſenheim was, as there was reaſon to believe, in poſſeſſion of the French patriots, this place might have eſcaped their plunder. The woman having told him all ſhe knew, began to exert her powers of ſpeech

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in deſcribing all the dangers of his undertaking. He anſwered, that ſhe was miſtaken in ſuppoſing he had determined to go himſelf, but that it was true, that being aware of the conſequence the recovery of thoſe deeds were to a family he had been ſo much obliged by, he was thinking of every method likely to contribute to that end; and he requeſted his eloquent informer to ſay nothing to her ladies of his enquiries, as he ſhould explain to them himſelf his reaſons for making them; without which explanation they might appear extraordinary. The woman, with whom D'Alonville had always been a great favourite, promiſed to obſerve his directions; and withdrew, full of admiration for the "brave pretty creature," who ſhe was perſuaded meant to throw himſelf again into the midſt of his enemies. As ſhe went home, ſhe pondered on what he had ſaid to her, and determined, notwithſtanding her promiſe to the contrary, to inform her ladies that ſhe ſuſpected the Chevalier D'Alonville had ſome intention

of

of returning to the caſtle of Roſenheim; and this information ſhe failed not to give; relating much that he had ſaid to her, and more that ſhe had fancied. Madame de Roſenheim was convinced that, ſhould D'Alonville do this, he would go to his death; and without being of the leaſt uſe to her, ſacrifice a life which might hereafter be uſeful to his country and honourable to himſelf: ſhe therefore conſulted with Madame D'Alberg in what way to prevent his raſh attempt; and they agreed that it would be proper to beg immediately to ſee him. But as their meſſenger was leaving the hotel, a letter was delivered to Madame D'Alberg, together with a ſmall box. The letter was as follows:

MADAM,

"When you read this, I ſhall be ſome miles on my journey towards Roſenheim. I could not learn how much the intereſt of your family was concerned in the recovery of thoſe papers, which your generous ſolicitude for my father and me certainly occaſioned your leaving there, without

out feeling it an indiſpenſable duty to attempt regaining them. If I fail, I fail in a cauſe which will conſole me in impriſonment, or even in death: if I ſucceed, I ſhall at leaſt have made one attempt to expreſs more than in mere words, the everlaſting gratitude of my heart, and the reſpect and veneration with which I have the honour to be, Madam, your moſt obliged, and moſt devoted ſervant,

LE CHEVALIER D'ALONVILLE."

Coblentz, 9th Nov. 1792.

P. S. "The box I take the liberty to leave under your care, contains the croix worn by my father, and a ſmall locket ſet with diamonds, of little value, which I uſed to wear round my neck; precious to me, becauſe it contains a lock of my mother's hair. As it is neceſſary for me to go in the diſguiſe of a peaſant, I will not riſk being diſcovered by carrying theſe things about me: in your hands they will be ſafe; but if I do not return in two months, you may conclude that my attempt has failed,

failed, and that my unhappy life is at an end. In that event may I entreat you, ſhould it be poſſible, to ſend theſe memorials of a brother and nephew ſhe loved, to Madame de Mount Baſil, the only ſiſter of my father."

The peruſal of this letter filled the Baroneſs and Madame D'Alberg with concern. The former had an affection for the young and intereſting ſtranger, as if he had been her ſon; and ſhe could not think, without terror and regret, of the danger to which he expoſed himſelf. Madame D'Alberg, though ſhe ſaid leſs, felt equal concern; but there was no remedy; and they were obliged to await the event with patience. A few days after the departure of D'Alonville, Count D'Alberg arrived; and the whole family, Heurthofen ſtill being one of it, removed to Vienna. Madame de Roſenheim related to the Count, on his firſt arrival, all the circumſtances of their precipitate retreat from Roſenheim, and the danger they encountered on their way. He liſtened

with

with the generoſity and ſenſibility natural to his temper, to that part of her narrative that related to D'Alonville. He expreſſed himſelf much intereſted for a young man who had ſhewn ſo much tenderneſs to his father, and ſo much reſolution in the ſervice of his friends, and moſt heartily concurred in wiſhing his ſafe return, when he aſſured Madame de Roſenheim he would uſe all his intereſt in his favour. But after a day or two he ſeemed to have loſt all theſe favourable impreſſions. He received with coldneſs, and even with diſlike, every mention of D'Alonville; and at length became evidently impatient whenever Madame de Roſenheim ſpoke of him: while Madame D'Alberg perceived this change, and who perhaps gueſſed from whence it aroſe, ceaſed to ſpeak of him at all. The Baroneſs, however, whom no caprice of others could divert from what ſhe felt to be her duty towards her young friend, left at the hotel where ſhe had lived at Coblentz, directions where ſhe was to be found at Vienna,

together

together with a moſt preſſing invitation to him to come to them there, and aſſurances that the Baron de Roſenheim would have infinite pleaſure in being of ſervice to him.

D'Alonville in the mean time journeyed on foot and alone towards Roſenheim. He had been at the college at Douay, and afterwards in garriſon at Liſle, and he knew the *patois* of the French and German frontiers. Animated even to enthuſiaſm by the hope of ſucceeding in his enterprize, the difficulties with which it was attended ſerved only to make him purſue it with equal ardour and caution. The ſecond day brought him into the country where the *ſoi diſant* patriot army was encamped. He continually fell among parties of them, but paſſed as a peaſant; not without frequent attempts on their part to enliſt a young man whoſe height and figure made him ſo fit for a ſoldier. After two or three of theſe rencounters, he was perfectly maſter of their jargon; and telling ſome plauſible

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ſtory to each as he was interrogated, he paſſed without any adventure that materially retarded his courſe, till he arrived about noon on the fifth day at a village, which he thought he remembered, as being the firſt they had paſſed after they left Roſenheim. It was here that the country bore the moſt dreary aſpect, and preſented all the horrors of the ſeat of war. The bourg or large hamlet where he now was, had been juſt evacuated by a party of Sans Culottes, who had left to the miſerable inhabitants hardly any other poſſeſſion than their lives; and conſternation and diſmay appeared on the countenances of the few who could not quit their ruined houſes, becauſe they knew not whither to go. D'Alonville, overcome with fatigue, and deſirous of obtaining ſome information of the ſtate of the caſtle before he proceeded thither, obtained leave of an unhappy widow, who with her children had remained in their plundered dwelling, to lie down for a few hours on the floor of one of her rooms,

on

on a little dirty ſtraw; the only bed that was left to her and her family. He told her, that he only requeſted her indulgence for a few hours, till he was able to go on; and would pay her whatever he could afford for the accommodation ſhe granted him. This amounted to nothing more than the ſtraw-bed, a piece of black bread, a few roots, and water; with which however hunger and fatigue enabled him to make an hearty meal. His hoſteſs, of whom only he ventured to enquire, informed him that the village and caſtle of Roſenheim were near two leagues diſtant; that ſhe had heard the French had a detachment there, but ſhe knew no more; and had probably found it ſo hard to ſupport her own portion of calamity, that ſhe had no time to enquire into what had befallen others. D'Alonville ſlept for two hours, and then, as he determined to approach Roſenheim in the duſk of the evening, he paid for his coarſe fare, and proceeded on his way. The evening came on before he got to the end of the firſt

league;

league; but it was not yet dark, unleſs among the woods, which are here extenſive. He followed the high road through them, but he met nobody: on his coming out of the laſt, he had juſt light enough to diſcern that the plain on which he entered had lately been the ſcene of ſkirmiſh. The bodies of men (to whom neither the conquerors or the conquered had afforded the rites of ſepulture) and many horſes lay ſcattered over the ground. The dreary ſilence was broken only by the hollow cries of the owls from the wood; and there was juſt that degree of light that ſerved to lend artificial to the real horrors with which D'Alonville was ſurrounded; for the objects appeared indiſtinct and uncertain. Near the middle of the plain, which was a ſort of common field of about a mile over, he pauſed, and looking around him, endeavoured to recollect where he was. He thought he remembered ſuch a place within ſight of the caſtle of Roſenheim; and caſting his eyes towards the quarter where he ſuppoſed its

ſcite was, with higher grounds behind it, he fancied he was right, though the hills and woods upon them appeared now only a maſs of ſhadow, in which he could not diſtinguiſh the ſpires and towers of the caſtle; but the perſuaſion that he was ſo near the place he ſought, gave him ſpirits to proceed with redoubled activity; and he walked another hour; by which time the few ſtars that could pierce the gloom of a November night, were his only guides. He found, however, without much difficulty, the road which, ſtriking out of that to the village, led up among the woods to one of the caſtle-gates. Though he was now within two hundred yards of the caſtle, and it was not yet a time of night when its inhabitants, whoever they were, were likely to be retired to reſt, all was ſo perfectly quiet that D'Alonville began to believe, that if the enemy had been maſters of it, they had abandoned it; and that ſome of the inhabitants of the village below had again taken poſſeſſion of it for their ancient lords.

lords. In this flattering hope, which promiſed him the eaſy execution of his deſign, he walked on. He arrived at the area of the caſtle, if caſtle that might be called, which had been reduced by fire to an almoſt ſhapeleſs maſs of ruin. The ſtrong wall within the foſſé had been beat down; the foſſe was ſo far filled with the materials, that it could be paſſed over; the towers and battlements, half fallen, exhibited only a ſcene of deſolation. The ruins yet ſmoked; and a dull heat and ſmell of ſmothered fire proceeded from them. The ſmell indeed had ſtruck D'Alonville a conſiderable way off; but he imputed it to the burning of ſome village, which he ſuppoſed had, like too many others, been fired by the contending armies.

A moment he ſtood amazed and aghaſt, hardly believing what he ſaw; for all around him had the gloomy uncertainty of an horrible dream. He liſtened to hear if the fire yet crackled beneath the ſmouldering walls; but it had exhauſted its rage, and only the low murmurs of

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the wind that groaned among the hollow ruins, and the water that rippled around the foſſé, interrupted the dreary ſtillneſs. D'Alonville turned his eyes towards that part of the caſtle which had overlooked the garden, where he had ſo lately depoſited the ſad remains of his only parent; but from the place where he was, he could diſtinguiſh nothing but black and broken buildings, and the dim light of heaven appearing through diſmantled windows, and walls perforated by fire.

Without much reflecting on his purpoſe, he would have made his way to the garden-ſide; but a path which had formerly led round on that part of the hill, was now choaked with impaſſible maſſes of fallen ſtones. He ſaw no way of getting to any other part of the ruins than by deſcending the way he came, and attempting the high road from the village on the other ſide; for, without much diſcrimination as to the reaſon or utility of what he was about to attempt, he felt an invincible deſire to explore the crumbling re-

mains of this venerable edifice, though he was convinced his miſſion was now hopeleſs. In purſuance of this wiſh, he returned by the ſame road that had brought him thither, and arriving at the foot of the hill, turned into that which he imagined muſt lead him to the high road that paſſed through the village. Thither he found his way; but the houſes, though not in aſhes, as he expected to ſee them, ſeemed to be almoſt all deſerted. Deſolation in its various forms appeared to have ſwept away at once the houſehold of the Seigneur, and the more humble families of his vaſſals. D'Alonville recollected how, at a former period, and in ſtill greater diſtreſs than he now felt, he had wandered among theſe cottages, entreating ſhelter for his father, and that he was then repulſed; yet he forgave the people who had at that time denied him aſſiſtance, through fear of the very evil that was ſince come upon them; and he wiſhed to hear the ſound of a human voice. He thought he might obtain ſome information relative

to

to the deſtruction of the caſtle above, if he could find a peaſant yet in the village; but he knew that to attempt entering houſes, whoſe inhabitants, if any ſtill remained, were probably in unceaſing alarms for their lives, the only poſſeſſion which remained to them, would be in vain. While he deliberated what to do, he ſaw a faint light from the lower windows of the very cottage where he had on his former melancholy journey received directions how to reach the caſtle. He approached the door; he liſtened, and fancied he heard in a ſlow and particular cadence, a woman's voice, as if lulling a child to ſleep, or attempting to ſoothe it. Being after a moment's pauſe confirmed in this conjecture, he ventured to rap ſoftly at the door. The ſame voice enquired who was there; and D'Alonville anſwering in the language of the country, "a friend," was bid to come in. He entered the cottage, or rather cabin, and ſaw ſitting near a few dying embers, a woman, who held one infant on her knees, while another lay ſleeping on the ground

on a few ſhreds of woollen that had once been a blanket. A ruſh-light was fixed to the ſide of the chimney by an iron; and the whole appearance of the miſerable room preſented ideas of famine and deſpair. The woman, who ſeemed wholly occupied by the child in her arms, did not immediately look up; but when D'Alonville approached her, ſhe turned, and ſeeing a ſtranger, ſhrieked; and in a tone of piercing anguiſh exclaimed that the enemy were returned. D'Alonville made haſte to reaſſure her; he proteſted that he was an unhappy young man, who had himſelf been driven from his home, who had loſt his father, and was now— He ſtopped, however, on recollecting that it would be better not to ſay for what he was come: he therefore added, that he was come thus far to regain if he could his own country; and requeſted her to inform him whether he was likely to proceed to the edge of the French frontier in ſafety.

The woman, whoſe fears were immediately diſſipated by his youth and candid appear-

appearance, as well as by the probability of the ſtory he told her, then began in her turn to relate her diſtreſſes. She told him that the French republican army had over-run the country, and finding no reſiſtance, had for ſome days eſtabliſhed an hoſpital for their ſick at the caſtle of Roſenheim. They had at firſt, ſhe ſaid, paid for what they had, and been leſs ſanguinary and ferocious than the inhabitants of the country expected; but on the arrival of a deputy from the aſſembly, they ſuddenly determined on an immediate removal; and as their ſick and wounded were by this time in a condition to be moved, they had ſent them into France; and the commiſſioner, or deputy, having learned that the caſtle belonged to an Imperial general, Baron de Roſenheim, and that Count D'Alberg was his ſon-in-law, he ordered the caſtle to be plundered and then fired; "and we," continued the poor woman, "have ſuffered becauſe we were my Lord the Baron's vaſſals. Ah! my friend, we have ſuffered indeed. My

huſband, my poor huſband, whom the good God knows if I ſhall ever ſee again, has been compelled by them to drive their waggons towards France, leaving me and theſe children, whom he never left before, deſtitute of every thing; for the little we had ſince my good Ladies left us, has been taken away!" 'Your Ladies were good Ladies then,' ſaid D'Alonville, 'and you regret them?'

"Ah! that we do indeed," replied ſhe. "Never were better maſters than ours, or Ladies ſo charitable. Ah! my poor little Ulric," addreſſing herſelf to the infant ſhe held, "you would not now be ſick as you are, and without help, if Madame D'Alberg and my Lady the Baroneſs were here! Folks may ſay what they will of all people being upon a footing; but I am ure one ſuch good houſe as our caſtle above was, is a thouſand times better for the poor than all theſe new notions, that have brought us no good yet."

D'Alonville having liſtened to the female peaſant till ſhe had nearly told her

tale

tale of ſorrow, began at length to make more minute enquires into the ſtate of the caſtle; for on reflection he thought it poſſible that what he came in ſearch of might have eſcaped both the plunderers and the flames. The woman told him that ſome parts of the building were, as ſhe underſtood, leſs injured than the reſt, but that the little ſhe knew was only from the report of her neighbours; "for I have never had the heart to go up there myſelf," ſaid ſhe, "and for theſe four or five days ſince, I ſaw it all in flames; and juſt as my huſband was forced to go, my trouble has been ſo great that I have been, as it were, out of my ſenſes." D'Alonville now determined to viſit the ruins in the morning, and to ſtay till then where he was, if his new acquaintaince would permit him. She readily agreed to allow him to remain in her houſe and by her fire, which was all the accommodation ſhe had to offer him; for her mattreſſes, ſhe told him, had been carried away for the ſick men when they were removed

from the caſtle; and ſhe had no food in the houſe, having ſubſiſted for the laſt two or three days on the charity of ſuch of her neighbours as had been lucky enough to conceal ſome of their proviſions from the plunder of the Sans Culottes. D'Alonville aſſured her he would thankfully pay her for the liberty of remaining near her fire; where, wrapping himſelf up in his coarſe peaſant's coat, and ſeating himſelf in a corner near the chimney, the fatigue he had undergone prevented his feeling the want of a bed, and gave him up to a few hours of repoſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

One only left;—in theſe diſaſtrous hours
"The ſad Hiſtorian" of the ruin'd Towers.

AT the dawn of the morning D'Alonville haſtened to ſatisfy his hoſteſs for the ſhelter he had obtained under her roof, and to ſecure himſelf the ſame accommodation for the following night, if he ſhould have occaſion for it; and then, rather to indulge a melancholy imagination than with any other fixed purpoſe, he took his way to the caſtle of Roſenheim. The appearance of the building, diſmantled, and in many parts ſo much injured as to threaten to fall with every wind, was even more diſmal now that it was diſtinctly ſeen, than it had been when it ſeemed only black and broken ruins, by the dim light of the evening before. He entered what had once been the guard-houſe, in the outward area, and paſſed through the court among piles of ſtones

and immenſe beams half burnt, to the remains of the great hall, of which only the walls were now in being. D'Alonville made his way through it, and among piles of fallen bricks, towards that part of the building where he believed, from deſcription (for he had never ſeen it himſelf) that the chapel had been; and that anti-room, whither, if it had ſtill exiſted, his ſearch would have been directed. Slowly and with difficulty he proceeded along to a door-way, which he found ſo choaked with ſtones and rubbiſh, that he meditated a moment whether he had better return to find a paſſage round another way, or endeavour with his hands to remove the impediments which prevented his paſſing by this, when he was ſurpriſed by a deep ſigh, which ſeemed to come from the pile of ruins before him. He liſtened attentively, heard it a ſecond time, and without farther reflection he forced away the ſtone around the door-way, and entered the ſpace whence it ſeemed to proceed.

He ſaw, ſitting on a maſs of bricks and rubbiſh,

rubbiſh, an old man, whoſe grey locks fell over his hands as they ſupported his head, with his elbows reſting on his knees. The noiſe D'Alonville made ſeemed not to have rouſed him from his melancholy reverie, but glad to ſee any one who might give him information, D'Alonville ſpoke to him. He looked up, and diſcovered an honeſt open countenance, deeply furrowed by the hand of time; but where that of recent calamity ſeemed to have fallen more heavily. "Are you of this place, my friend?" enquired D'Alonville, when he had obtained his attention. 'Of what place?' replied the old man. 'Do you mean of this caſtle, or of the village below?' "I would enquire whether you belonged to either?" 'And who are you, young man?' "One," anſwered D'Alonville, "who moſt ſincerely deplores the ruin of this noble manſion, and the injury ſuſtained by its excellent owners." 'I ſhould know your voice,' ſaid the old man, 'but my memory is quite gone. Where have I ever ſeen you before?' "Perhaps,"

rejoined D'Alonville, "you were a domeſtic here?" 'I *was* once ſo,' anſwered he; 'but of late years I had retired to a ſmall houſe in the village, given me by the Baron, my good maſter; but when the Baroneſs was afraid of an attack, I went into the caſtle, for, old as I am now, I was a ſoldier once, and I could at leaſt inſtruct the younger men: aye, and I could have uſed a ſabre once more!' D'Alonville ſaw that his ancient companion having once began to talk, he ſhould hear all he wanted to know. 'But the Baroneſs and her daughter left us,' continued he; 'and in two days afterwards the French poured in upon us!'

"And did you attempt to defend the caſtle?" enquired D'Alonville.

'I would have attempted it; and there were two or three others of the ſame mind. But what were two or three? The greateſt part were cowardly enough to deſire nothing but their own ſafety. They opened the gates to the French; and they ſent hither their ſick and wounded, and made,'

made,' added he with a deep ſigh—'they made an hoſpital of the caſtle of Roſenheim.'

He pauſed a while, as if to recover from the painful recollection of a circumſtance which filled him with indignation.

'The raſcals remained here almoſt three weeks,' reſumed he, 'and by that time they learned to whom the caſtle and the village belonged. The names of Roſenheim and D'Alberg were well known to them; and when they removed, they ſent away their ſick, ſet fire to the caſtle, and plundered the village.'

"I fear then you have loſt all your property," ſaid D'Alonville. 'Every thing I had in the world,' replied the old man. 'All that the bounty of my Lord had given to make my latter days comfortable; but it is not that which grieves me. No: I have but a little while to live, and I can die in the empty ſhed that is yet left me. But to ſee my maſter's houſe a heap of ruins! Ah! that is what I find it hard to bear. It is now near forty years ſince

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the Baron took me to be his ſervant. I ſerved under him in the year 1757, at the ſiege of Leipſic, where he had an arm broke in two places. I attended him during his tedious recovery; and afterwards, when the death of his ſon afflicted him ſo ſeverely as to occaſion a dangerous illneſs, it was only my attendance that he would allow. Madame de Alberg too, my dear young miſtreſs!' — Grief for a moment impeded the ſimple, melancholy narrative; but making an effort to recover himſelf, he went on.

'All is over,' ſaid he. 'I have heard that Count D'Alberg is killed; my Lady and the Counteſs her daughter are driven away; and they and my Lord the Baron will return no more, if indeed ſo many misfortunes do not kill them.'

D'Alonville would have conſoled the venerable mourner, and have offered to his view brighter proſpects; but he had none to offer. The deſolation around him, the evident injury that his friends had ſuſtained, the ſad ſcenes that had paſſed

when

when he had firſt ſought their hoſpitality, combined now to depreſs him. If he who had youth and health could ſee little elſe before him but deſpair; and to an old man, the ruin that had overwhelmed his maſter's houſe, to which alone he was attached, was poſſibly as afflicting as thoſe misfortunes that D'Alonville ſuffered in his own perſon; neither of them ſeemed diſpoſed to break their ſorrowful ſilence. At length D'Alonville enquired if every part of the caſtle was as much injured as that where they now ſtood.

'Nearly ſo,' anſwered the ancient domeſtic. 'I will ſhew you,' added he, 'if you deſire it, round on the other ſide, where I think the walls are leſs damaged, and ſome are left ſtanding, from their thickneſs, though the fire has deſtroyed all the wood-work. D'Alonville ſilently followed the old man, who feebly and with difficulty made his way among the fragments of broken ſtone, which in ſome places yet ſmoked. When they came to what was a ſtate-apartment, he ſtopped,

and

and pointed to a mafs of iron which had once been a magnificent ftove, but was now partly melted by the violence of the heat. He ftooped and picked up a piece that was broken. ‘ It was my Lord's arms,’ faid he, ‘ caft in iron ; it belonged to the ornaments of the ftove ; and fee how little it is injured !’ D'Alonville at that moment recollected that the ftrong clofet, in which was left the deeds he came to recover, was defcribed to him as being lined, or fecured with iron. This old man, fo long a confidential fervant of the Baron's, could probably point out the place. Animated once more with the hope of recovering them, he determined to difclofe himfelf, and the purpofe of his vifit to his conductor. *A hectic of a moment* paffed acrofs the languid countenance of the old fervant. Timid and cautious, from fufferings and from experience, he hefitated for an inftant after D'Alonville ceafed to fpeak ; but it was impoffible even for the cold caution of age to look at a countenance fo ingenuous, or liften to

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a narrative ſo clear and ſimple, without ſoon loſing all doubts of the integrity of D'Alonville. 'I know,' ſaid Rodolph (which was the name of the old ſervant) 'I know, Sir, all the importance of the papers you ſpeak of. But is it poſſible that my Lord, when he went to Vienna, or the Baroneſs, when ſhe was driven from hence, ſhould have neglected to have ſecured thoſe papers?' D'Alonville briefly recounted what had happened to himſelf at the caſtle when the family were compelled to leave it, and accuſed himſelf of being in ſome meaſure the cauſe of this unfortunate neglect. Rodolph then recollected him. 'Ah! yes, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I now remember you: I knew I had ſeen you before, and not long ago. In that diſmal day when my dear good Lady left us, ſhe employed me, becauſe ſhe knew ſhe could truſt me, in packing up ſome of the valuable articles; I ſaw many papers, and rolls of parchment, which I thought might be thoſe deeds, and therefore I never reminded her of them. Indeed I did not

certainly

certainly know they were in the caſtle; for I ſuppoſed my Lord might have taken them to Vienna when he laſt went thither about the law-ſuit. If they ſhould be loſt,' continued he, 'it will be nearly as detrimental to my Lord as the burning of his houſe.' "It was repreſented to me," anſwered D'Alonville, as being much more ſo. Let us ſee then what we can do towards regaining them, my good old friend." 'Ah! Sir,' ſaid the old man in a trembling voice, 'could *I*, before I die, be of any ſervice to my Lord'— "Shew me the place," ſaid D'Alonville, "and let us try what can be done."

They now arrived where an arched paſſage had led to the anti-room immediately before the chapel; but towards the end the wall had fallen in. 'We muſt go round,' ſaid Rodolph; 'there is a better chance of getting through the chapel.' There indeed the difficulties were leſs, for there being only a roof above and no range of apartments, as over the other parts of the edifice, the area was leſs obſtructed

by

by what had fallen. With an anxious heart D'Alonville followed his conductor to that end which led to the anti-room. It was arched with ſtone, which had preſerved part of it; but the rubbiſh that had fallen from the other part, was higher than the place which the old man pointed out as the iron-lined cloſet. "We muſt remove theſe ſtones," ſaid D'Alonville, "or we ſhall never know whether the place we ſeek has eſcaped the fury of the flames." It was an arduous taſk; for the ruins that roſe above them threatened them with deſtruction, and the wind as it muttered around the broken wall, ſeemed to menace them as if blaſts a little more violent would overwhelm them beneath the tottering fragments. Feeble and diſpirited, and trembling with age and ſorrow, the faltering hands of the honeſt old domeſtic were but of little uſe; but D'Alonville, whom the hope of ſucceſs rouſed to the utmoſt exertion, laboured with ſuch diligence and effect, that in about an hour the bricks and ſtones were removed; the

iron-

iron door, which had probably been concealed from the plunderers by the arras with which the room was hung, was now visible; but the wood-work was destroyed that had encompassed it, and the rubbish had broken in. D'Alonville, at the risk of bringing the wall down upon him, forced it open. It gave way; for the hinges were loosened by the weight of the bricks above. He saw a leathern sack, which the old man assured him contained what he was in search of. D'Alonville eagerly seized it. "Are there any more papers?" enquired he. "Let me not fail now for want of an exact search. He found two other small parcels envelloped in paper; and nothing more remaining, he retired precipitately; and breathless with the satisfaction he felt, hurried into the chapel. "Never more," said he, as he sat down on a broken pillar; "never more will I complain of my ill fortune. Oh! my worthy old friend, how shall I make you any acknowledgment adequate to the service I have received from you! *I*, alas!

who

who am more reduced by fortune than you are!" 'All I desire,' replied the faithful veteran, 'is to hear these papers are safe in the hands of my masters—but I shall never hear it,' added he, dejectedly; 'no, never! I am too old to go them, and they will never come back here. I have nothing to do but go and die in my cold shed.'

To recur thus to self is but too natural to the old and helpless. Rodolph forgot the success of D'Alonville in behalf of his Lord, in reflecting that he himself should not personally partake of the satisfaction such a circumstance would occasion in the family. "You shall not die," cried D'Alonville, in your cold shed. I am very sure that when the Baroness knows what has happened (for yet you know she is ignorant that the village has been plundered and the castle burnt); when she knows what has happened, she will order you to be removed near her, unless indeed you rather wish to continue here, and to have your house refitted." 'Continue here!'

answered

anſwered Rodolph; 'what, in the ſeat of war! No: if I had been able, I would have crept after the Baron to Vienna; for with one ſo old and helpleſs it would not have been reaſonable to have added to the troubles of my Lady, who knew not whither to go herſelf.' "And what hinders you," enquired D'Alonville, from going now with me? Have you a wife, o any other connexion that you cannot leave?" 'Alas! no,' anſwered the old man; 'my wife has been dead many years: ſhe left me a daughter, who married the valet of a French nobleman that came about five years ago on a viſit to my Lord. She went into France with her huſband; and it is very long ſince I have heard of her. I have no child left to help me; and my ſiſter, who ſince my daughter married, kept my houſe, was ſo terrified on the arrival of the French army in our village, that being old and ſickly before, ſhe grew worſe upon it, and died ten days ago.'

D'Alonville liſtened to this narrative of ſorrow with as much intereſt as he could

feel

feel on any ſubject that did not immediately relate to the means of conveying ſafely to ſuch a diſtance what he had ſo miraculouſly recovered. The old man had ceaſed ſpeaking long before he had formed any plan that appeared feaſible. The preſent queſtion, however, was to ſecure the papers in ſome place of ſafety in the village; for he conſidered, that if he were ſeen thus loaded, he might incur ſuſpicions injurious to himſelf and hazardous to his charge. He thought it beſt therefore, after a moment's reflection, to divide them: to fill the pockets of the old man and his own, which he immediately did; but as theſe conveyances were not ſufficient for all, he ſecured others under his waiſtcoat. Having done this, he diſmiſſed Rodolph to his cottage, aſſuring him, he would himſelf be with him immediately; and that they would talk farther of his going to his ancient maſter. The honeſt old ſervant ſeemed to be arrived at that period of life when hope but faintly warms the human heart; he felt

that,

that, like the faithful dog of Ulyſſes, he could do little more than look on his maſter and die at his feet: and he ſeemed half unwilling to move from the place where he had ſeen better days, only to linger out a few miſerable months among ſtrangers; but D'Alonville was perſuaded he ſhould render an acceptable ſervice to his generous benefactors, in reſcuing their ancient domeſtic from the calamitous ſituation to which he was reduced.

Having diſmiſſed his companion, D'Alonville thought of gratifying the mournful inclination he felt to viſit the place where his father was buried. He found his way, with ſome difficulty, to the ſpot. The heat of the fire had withered the ſhrubs that grew round it; but, from their remains and his former obſervations, he found the very place where he ſo lately wept over the remains of his only parent. Thoſe ſenſations of ſorrow were now renewed; yet when D'Alonville reflected on all he had ſince ſuffered, and looked forward in mournful preſenti-

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ment to what was probably ſtill to come; he hardly wiſhed his father had lived to ſtruggle with the bittereſt evils of life,—poverty and exile. To mourn over the dereliction of principle which had eſtranged him from his eldeſt ſon; the convulſions that had impriſoned the ſovereign to whom he was attached, and the overthrow of the government he had ſworn to ſupport. "The dead are happy," cried he; "in the grave they hear not the ſtorms that ſhake to its centre the miſerable kingdom of France! Oh my father! would I too were in peace! but my feeble arm may yet be called for in the ſervice of that country for which you died. I remember your laſt injunctions, and I will endeavour to obey them." The unfortunate young man now returned to the village; and after many projects, on which he conſulted old Rodolph, it was agreed that they ſhould proceed together in a little cart to Coblentz, and paſs for an old peaſant and his ſon; concealing in the boards

of their humble vehicle the papers they had ſo fortunately obtained. In every plan they formed there appeared hazard and difficulty; but after examining them all, this ſeemed the leaſt objectionable. The old domeſtic, who could not have undertaken ſuch a journey on foot, ſeemed in the expectation of reaching once more the protection of his ancient maſter, to be ſenſible of the only gleam of hope that could cheer his forlorn and melancholy exiſtence; and awakened in ſome meaſure from the torpor of deſpair, to which he was before reſigned, he ſet himſelf about the preparations for their journey with ſuch earneſtneſs, that he obtained an horſe, and with the aid of a neighbour got a light cart of his mended; in which, after depoſiting what they judged of the moſt conſequence in the ſafeſt place, D'Alonville and Rodolph began their journey. They were ſtopped twice by ſtraggling parties of French, who now were in poſſeſſion of many leagues of the country through

through which they paſſed; but Rodolph managed his ſtory ſo well, and they ſeemed ſo perfectly what they repreſented, that on the fourth day after leaving Roſenheim they arrived ſafely at Coblentz.

CHAP. IX.

" No wound that warlike hand of enemy
" Inflicts by dint of sword, so sore doth light
" As does the pois'nous sting which calumny
" Infixeth on the name." SPENCER.

IT was late in the evening when D'Alonville reached the end of his journey: Fatigued not so much by travelling in so uneasy a vehicle, as by the solicitude of his mind, and the care which his old and helpless companion required of him. Having seen him provided for at an inn, D'Alonville hastened to the hotel where he expected to finds his friends, and delighted himself with thinking that those deeds being saved, would mitigate their vexation for the destruction of their castle; but he had the mortification to find they had left Coblentz the next day but one after his departure from Rosenheim, and that they were gone to Vienna. Thither, indeed, he was cordially invited by the letter Madame de Rosenheim had

left

left for him; but he felt himself hurt and depressed by this unexpected absence; and retired uneasy and sorrowful to his former lodgings: nor could he, till after some consideration, determine whether to go to Vienna, or send thither, charged with his successful commission, his ancient companion, while he himself sought to join some of the corps of emigrant French that were again forming. The next day he met the same friend who had formerly supplied him with money; and for whose advice, from his age and the friendship his father had borne him, D'Alonville had a great respect. This nobleman, the Marquis de Magnevilliers, advised him by all means to go to Vienna; where, after he had seen his friends, he might take such measures as the circumstances required; and either enlist himself under the Prince of Conde, or in despite of the late decrees against the emigrants, endeavour to return into France: a part which Monsieur de Magnevilliers himself meant to take, though well aware

of all the hazard that attended it. He was of Picardy as well as D'Alonville; and perſuaded himſelf that they might by returning, raiſe yet a party in favour of the unhappy monarch, whoſe cruel and unjuſt impriſonment would, he thought, eſtrange from the uſurped tyranny of the men who had inflicted it, many who now ſhrunk under their power and ſubmitted to their government. But, as whoever ventured to return muſt do it ſingly and with artifice and caution, Monſieur de Magnevilliers, without preſſing his friend to accompany, or even to join him on his way, contented himſelf with informing him in confidence, what he intended himſelf, and thought beſt for him to do; but not till he had viſited his German friends, whoſe regard was of too much value to be neglected. Monſieur de Magnevilliers then gave D'Alonville another ſmall ſupply of money, who received it without ſcruple; and the next day ſet off for Vienna, with Rodolph, by the diligence, already crowded with French, who, diſperſed

and

and uncertain what to do, were travelling, ſome towards the capital of the German empire, and others towards Italy. D'Alonville felt not that conſolation which ariſes from the contemplation of fellow-ſufferers in calamity; on the contrary, his heart ſunk in reflecting on the ſad condition to which ſo many brave men were reduced; and the deplorable ſtate of the country from whence they were driven, for no other crime than adherence to the king whom they had ſworn to defend; and to a government which, however defective, was infinitely preferable to the tyrannical anarchy which had, under the pretence of curing thoſe defects, brought an everlaſting diſgrace on the French name. Among his fellow-travellers were the aged and the helpleſs, who knew not where to find ſhelter for their weary heads; and who ſeemed to repent that they had not ſubmitted their necks to the ſtroke of the executioner, rather than have been driven forth to linger out, in foreign countries, their few and miſerable days. Women,

who had been accuſtomed to the elegancies of life, were now accompanied by helpleſs children, wandering round the world without the requiſites of exiſtence; ſome deploring the death of their fathers, brothers, or huſbands; others uncertain what was become of thoſe moſt dear to them, and dreading to be aſſured.

The minds of many ſeemed to have been ſo ſhaken by the ſtorms that had ſo heavily fallen upon them, that they had no longer ſtrength to contemplate what was yet before them, but ſunk helpleſs and reſiſtleſs under the weight of their ſufferings: others, with more fortitude, accommodated their ſpirit to their fallen fortunes, and attempted to bear with calmneſs the evils they could not eſcape; while another deſcription of perſons, and principally young military men, were full of projects for the re-eſtabliſhment of their affairs, and ſanguine in the ſucceſs of thoſe projects. D'Alonville, who had formed no ſcheme for his future proceedings, liſtened to thoſe of his countrymen

with

with diffidence; but ſaw none which ſeemed to have a more reaſonable foundation, than what had been propoſed to him by Monſieur de Magnevilliers. He hoped however to receive council and conſolation from the friends to whom he was going, and believed that in the old Baron de Roſenheim he ſhould find a ſecond father.

He haſtened immediately on his arrival to pay his compliments to the family of Roſenheim; and with all the eagerneſs of youth and inexperience, anticipated as he went, the cordial reception he ſhould meet with. He found the family at home, and was introduced into a room where the Baron, his wife, his daughter, and Count D'Alberg, with three German officers, and ſeveral ladies, were engaged at play. Madame de Roſenheim was the only perſon who aroſe to meet him, and expreſſed pleaſure at his coming. Madame D'Alberg was ſo changed in her manner, that he felt no inclination to addreſs her. The Baron indeed ſpoke to him, and with

the eaſe and politeneſs inſeparable from the addreſs of an old military courtier; but Count D'Alberg, who was ſtanding near a table where others were playing, hardly bowed when Madame de Roſenheim introduced him; and ſurveyed him in a way which required no great knowledge of manner and countenance to diſcover he did not ſignify approbation.

It has been generally ſaid, that no ſet of men on earth are ſo preſuming, or ſo apparently ſatisfied with themſelves, as young French officers; and this has been repeated by their own writers, and echoed by ours, till we, who judge only from what we read (and that frequently in books of mere entertainment, where all the characters are overcharged) have taken it for granted, that every young military man in France is (or, perhaps it ſhould be ſaid, was) a coxcomb. That a very great number are ſo; that their manners are more frivolous, and their appearance more effeminate, than the moſt frivolous and moſt effeminate among

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us, cannot be denied; but as under theſe blemiſhes and follies, perſonal bravery and a punctilious ſenſe of honor is acknowledged to have exiſted, the candour of other nations would not be too much extended, if credit were given them for many other virtues which, however appearances were againſt them, they certainly poſſeſſed in as great a degree, at leaſt, as the military among any people. D'Alonville was undoubtedly an exception to the prejudice that indiſcriminately condemns them all; for he was ſo far from being vain or preſumptuous, that his diffident ſenſibility had frequently been the ridicule of his young companions; and much more ſo of his elder brother, who was of a daring and ambitious ſpirit; and had, at an early period, thrown off that parental authority, which in France was more and longer reſpected than in England; and having a conſiderable fortune independent of the Viſcount de Fayolles, his father, he had long thought and acted for himſelf. He had decidedly taken the

republican party, quitted his name, abjured his rank, and adhered to the men who, not contented with limiting the power of the king, and humiliating the nobility, had now impriſoned the monarch, and maſſacred the few nobles who remained around him. It was this conduct in his eldeſt ſon that had driven to deſpair the Viſcount de Fayolles: it was this conduct in his brother that had cruelly wounded the ſenſible heart of D'Alonville, and depreſſed his ſpirits more than the miſfortune of his exile; ſo that if ever he had indulged any degree of that vanity which was natural to a man in the warmeſt hours of youth, affluence, and proſperity, it was not now that any ſymptoms of it remained. Count D'Alberg, to whom he had been deſcribed as aſſuming and *avangeux*, ſurveyed him as if he was convinced of his being ſo; and hardly ſhewed him thoſe external marks of civility which one gentleman owes to another. No man was more eaſily repulſed than D'Alonville; and ſo much was he

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hurt by the manner in which he was received, particularly by Madame D'Alberg, that he determined to take his leave, to write the information he had to give, and to bid adieu for ever to friends from whom he had certainly expected a continuation of the kindneſs they had ſhewn him, before he had done any thing to deſerve it.

He therefore, after remaining a few moments in the room (where Madame de Roſenheim went on with her play as ſoon as ſhe had ſpoken to him) approached the table where ſhe ſat, and told her in a low voice, that as he ſaw this was not a proper moment to trouble her with an account of his commiſſion, he would do himſelf the honour of writing to her the event, and would deliver to the care of her people the pacquet of papers which were below, and which he found it was not now a fit time to reſtore to her. The Baroneſs, however accuſtomed to command herſelf, changed countenance, and betrayed emotions that ſeemed to D'Alonville perfectly unaccountable.

unaccountable. Then recovering herſelf, ſhe gave her cards to a gentleman who was near her chair, and ſaying, with a forced ſmile, that ſhe had buſineſs with her young friend the Chevalier D'Alonville, ſhe left the room. D'Alonville bowing to the party who remained in it, followed her.

Madame de Roſenheim paſſed into a lower apartment, where preparations were making for ſupper: ſhe ſat down, and deſired D'Alonville to take a chair by her. He ſilently obeyed.

"My amiable friend," ſaid ſhe, "thinks, I fear, that our reception of him is not ſuch as he deſerves. I am not at liberty to account for it; I dare tell him no more than that the Baron does not know the ſervice he ſo generouſly undertook; and Count D'Alberg, unhappy from the circumſtances of the late retreat, which he thinks diſgraceful to the armies of the Emperor his maſter—ſome diſagreeable events too that have befallen himſelf—the ſituation of public affairs: In fact,

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my dear Sir, the beſt men are liable to have their tempers ruffled by the perverſe accidents of life; and though there is not in the world a huſband more fondly attached to his wife than Count D'Alberg,——"

Madame de Roſenheim heſitated like one who, ſenſible that an apology is neceſſary, ſeeks for that leaſt likely to hurt the feelings of him to whom it muſt be made. D'Alonville interrupted her.

"My dear Madam," ſaid he, "I beg of you not to diſtreſs yourſelf and me, by accounting for what certainly needs no apology. I am a ſtranger to Count D'Alberg, and have no claim whatever upon his friendſhip, or on that of the Baron de Roſenheim. The obligations I owe to you, Madam, are ſuch as no time can efface from my remembrance: but does it therefore follow that I am to tax the kindneſs of all your houſe? Surely no! I ought not, perhaps, to have intruded upon you at all; but charged as I was with a commiſſion which, though you

did

did not give it me, I felt myſelf powerfully impelled to fulfil, I was unwilling to truſt any thing to chance. If you will now permit me," added he, riſing and going into a ſort of hall next the room where they were, " to put into your poſſeſſion thoſe papers, and to wiſh you and your family every felicity, I will trouble you no more." The vexation and diſtreſs of Madame de Roſenheim viſibly encreaſed when D'Alonville put on a chair near her the deeds about which ſhe had ſhewn ſo much anxiety. ' Is it poſſible,' ſaid ſhe, ' you can have ſucceeded? What hazard you muſt have been in! And what a reception you have met with in return! I am, indeed, obliged to you more than I can find words to expreſs! I ſhall not be eaſy till I know in what way I can be grateful! The patriots then are not in poſſeſſion of Roſenheim?"

D'Alonville, from the manner of the whole family on his firſt appearance, had taken up a notion, that, from common fame, or by means of ſome of their vaſſals,

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the fate of their habitation was known; and that, as is often the caſe in misfortune, they were ſullenly reſigned to their loſs, yet half diſpoſed to quarrel with the world around them. Having entertained this idea, he was ſurpriſed at the queſtion put to him by the Baroneſs, and embarraſſed how to anſwer it; but after a moment's pauſe, he determined to relate, in as conciſe a manner as poſſible, the circumſtances of his journey. Madame de Roſenheim heard the account of that deſtruction which had overwhelmed her noble habitation, with the firmneſs of an elevated mind. Great as the loſs was, conſidered in a pecuniary light, ſhe reflected how much greater it might have been but for the aſſiduous gratitude of D'Alonville, in reſcuing from the ruins the deeds which, at leaſt, ſecured to her family the lands of their anceſters; and, looking on him, ſhe remembered how much more *he* had loſt; how many of his countrymen were driven from more ſplendid palaces to wander over the world;

world; and having made theſe reflections, it appeared unworthy of her heart and underſtanding to lament deeply her own loſs: but D'Alonville, while he admired the calm dignity with which ſhe liſtened to a detail which would have agitated many women with vexation and rage, yet ſaw that ſomething more embarraſſing than how to relate this event to her family, hung upon her mind; and fancying that his ſtay only added to the ſolicitude ſhe ſeemed to ſuffer, he aroſe to take his leave. The Baroneſs, as he was repeating his wiſhes for the happineſs of her and her houſehold, while his voice faltered and tears were in his eyes, ſuddenly followed him; and as he was opening the door, took his hand and ſaid eagerly, "We muſt not part ſo, Chevalier! Why am I not at liberty to explain to you! But you do not immediately leave Vienna?" 'Immediately,' ſaid D'Alonville. 'I had no other buſineſs than to deliver into your hands, Madam, the papers I have been ſo lucky as to recover, and to acquit myſelf

of

of a little, a very little, of the great debt of gratitude I owe you: having done ſo, I go.'

"Whither?" cried Madame de Roſenheim, "where can I hear of you? Whither, tell me, do you propoſe to go?"

'Alas! Madam,' replied D'Alonville, mournfully, 'you aſk me a queſtion which it is not poſſible for me to anſwer. Alone upon this earth, I know not to what part of it chance or fatality may lead me, to periſh in the cauſe of my unfortunate king; but the vague ſchemes I have hitherto formed, have tended to France.'

"You cannot, ſurely, mean it; certain deſtruction awaits you there," ſaid Madame de Roſenheim.

'And certain miſery everywhere; but why ſhould I communicate it to you, Madam, or give you one thought for a being who is, believe me, indifferent what becomes of himſelf.'

"Only tell me," cried the Baroneſs, with a degree of eagerneſs as if ſomebody was coming, who ſhe foreſaw might in-

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terrupt their converſation; "only tell me where I can write to you to-morrow: you will ſurely paſs to-morrow, at leaſt, at Vienna?"

'Certainly I will, if you have any commands for me.'

"I have, and entreat your ſtay and your addreſs."

D'Alonville then drew from his pocket a card on which he had written his name, and that of the hotel where he lodged, to leave, ſhould he not have found his friends of Roſenheim at home. The Baroneſs received it, and ſaid, in a low voice, "you will hear of me, Chevalier, to-morrow." She then went back into the room, and D'Alonville, in greater depreſſion of ſpirits than he had ever felt ſince his father's death, took his way to the inn.

Thoſe who ever felt that delicious ſenſation which fills the boſom when we hope we have paid, in ſome degree, a debt of gratitude to friends we love, and when we are on the point of meeting them after ſuch a ſervice, and after a long abſence,

may

may alſo have experienced the blank and ſullen gloom which follows a cold repulſe, inſtead of the cordial reception anticipated. D'Alonville at this moment experienced it, in all its bitterneſs, and never till now had he thought himſelf wholly deſolate and wretched. In the dreadful hour when his father died in his arms, he ſeemed to have found another parent in Madame de Roſenheim, and in her daughter a ſiſter and a friend. The delicacy with which they beſtowed the favours he was compelled to accept, ſoftened the ſenſe of his reduced and humiliating ſituation; and expelled as he was from his country, deprived of his father and his fortune, he had yet found in theſe generous and amiable friends a connexion which reconciled him to, or at leaſt enabled him to bear, the calamities of life. But they had now withdrawn this conſolation from him, and he ſeemed to look around him in vain for hope, nowhere to be found. His pride was cruelly hurt by the coldneſs and the ſomething like diſdain which was

evident

evident in the behaviour of Count D'Alberg; and in the courtier-like civility of the old Baron, he ſaw nothing but the undiſtinguiſhing manners of a perſon who received every one alike, whom he had no immediate intereſt in conciliating, and who was generally polite, but who, if he never ſaw him again, would forget he had ſeen him at all; while the unaccountable change in Madame D'Alberg, who, inſtead of teaching him to call her ſiſter, ſeemed deſirous to forget even their acquaintance, was infinitely more mortifying, conſcious that he had done nothing to forfeit the eſteem ſhe had ſo lately profeſſed for him, he could no otherwiſe account for her change of behaviour, than by imputing it to motives that greatly lowered in his opinion, a woman who had before ſeemed the moſt amiable and perfect of her ſex. Such were the irkſome reflections which D'Alonville carried to his uneaſy pillow. He was rouſed from it at a very early hour the following morning, by receiving a letter, which one of the men who waited in

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the inn, informed him, had been left by a perſon, who ſaid it required no anſwer. Theſe were its contents:

"I never recollect being ſo much at a loſs what to ſay as I now am, when it is neceſſary to account to you for a reception ſo little like what you had a right to expect, my dear Chevalier, even though you had not ſucceeded in the commiſſion which you ſo generouſly undertook. It is difficult, indeed, becauſe I ought to be, I muſt be ingenuous, and ingenuous I cannot be, without imputing to two of the beſt men in the world, the only errors and prejudices that detract from the general excellence of their characters. The Baron, whoſe life has been paſſed between the court and the camp, is an excellent huſband, father, and maſter; but out of his own family he has no attachment, and very little ſenſibility. This will undoubtedly appear ſtrange to you who have not yet had an opportunity of obſerving the variou ſhades of characters, which in

a longer

a longer life you will meet with. The Baron de Rosenheim is passionately attached to his daughter and her children, and he would see nothing extraordinary in all the rest of the world, being equally interested for *them*; yet for one of his friends who had a daughter or a son in sorrow or distress, he would feel no concern, but turn to indifferent matters with the most perfect composure, even while the sufferers were yet before his eyes. I have often seen instances of this temper with concern and wonder. In the younger part of my life, indeed, it has frequently hurt me so much, that it was necessary to recollect all the other good qualities of my husband, before I could reconcile myself to this apparent hardness of heart, this tendency towards selfishness and self-consequence; blemishes for which hardly any virtues can make amends *. Gradually I have be-

* This character is not unnatural, nor, I fear, rare. I knew in other times, a man to whom the world gives credit for many talents and virtues, who has literally quarrelled with a near connexion, for being so weak as to lament the misfortunes of a friend with whom she lived for years in an affectionate intimacy.

come

come accuſtomed to it, and as I ſee other men with faults ſo much more pernicious to their families and to ſociety, I have learned to paſs by this defect (for a defect I muſt ever think it) in a character otherwiſe irreproachable; nor ſhould I now have named it, but to account for the coldneſs and indifference with which the Baron de Roſenheim may receive a ſervice ſo important as that you have rendered him. I have not yet told him of it, nor did he know that you had undertaken it; but as, for particular reaſons, I ſaid in general terms that meaſures were taken to repair my neglect of thoſe papers, he will probably, but too probably, receive the material objects you have recovered, as a matter of courſe, as he heard, without expreſſing any intereſt in your future deſtiny, the detail I gave him of your firſt arrival at Roſenheim, the death of the Viſcount de Fayolles, and the activity and addreſs which you had ſo happily exerted when our lives were in ſuch imminent hazard on our way to Coblentz. He liſtened,

without any apparent emotion, to what appeared to me ſo intereſting and affecting; and when I ſaid I had given you an invitation to come hither, did not even ſay that he wiſhed to ſee and thank you for the preſervation of his family.

" My ſon-in-law, Count D'Alberg, who is of a very different diſpoſition, has received I know not what unfavourable impreſſions, I fear from Heurthofen. He paſſed the early part of his life in France; and from ſome circumſtances that happened to him there, with which I was never perfectly acquainted, has entertained ſuch ideas of the libertiniſm of the young and highly born of your nation, that he believes no young married woman can admit one of them to her friendſhip, without the greateſt riſk of loſing her character, if not her honour. My daughter, whoſe warmth of heart and conviction of your worth led her to ſpeak of you in terms of the higheſt praiſe, perceived at once that her huſband did not willingly hear her. Perſiſting however in declaring ſentiments which did

her

her honour, ſentiments as pure as thoſe of angels, ſhe found, after a few days, and after the Count had paſſed ſome hours ſhut up with Heurthofen, that not only general prejudice, but particular ſuſpicion, operated againſt you, in the mind of her huſband; and, for the firſt time ſince her marriage, ſhe perceived that jealouſy and miſtruſt, the banes of felicity, had touched the heart of the man whom ſhe almoſt adores. I know not whether her pride or her love have ſuffered moſt; but I know that her diſtreſs has been extreme; and that ſhe has riſqued every thing but the future repoſe of her life, to convince Count D'Alberg how cruelly he injured *her* tenderneſs and *your* honour. On this ſubject he hears not with patience a woman whoſe wiſhes were till now his law; and he has told her, that however ill founded his notions of the diſſolute manners of the French may be, he expects ſhe will pay him the compliment of yielding to them *her* prediliction (for more he knows it is not) in favour of a ſtranger, who *may* be an ex-

ception; but who, with at leaſt equal probability, may be as looſe in principle as the reſt of his countrymen. Far from conſidering your fortunate exertions, when you ſaved us from the moſt imminent riſque of drowning, as an obligation, he believes we exaggerate the danger, only to heighten the value of the ſervice; and is perſuaded by Heurthofen, that what hazard we were in was incurred by our preferring the raſh advice of a young man, unacquainted with the country, to his, who would have directed better. This Heurthofen, whom I never eſteemed, I am now convinced is a villain; and I have, in my turn, inſiſted on his being diſmiſſed from my family. The Baron has promiſed that he ſhall; but this is not a moment, he ſays, in which he *can* diſmiſs a man who is acquainted with the affairs of his eſtate, which the unfortunate events of the campaign have thrown into confuſion. To this reaſon I have been compelled for the preſent to yield; but I have declared, that in whatever elſe the Baron or

Count

Count D'Alberg may chuſe to employ this man, he ſhall never fill that of almoner to the family while I am at the head of it. He is now ſent by the Baron on buſineſs, I know not whither, and I am thus delivered from his hateful preſence; but the miſchief he has done is irreparable.

"It is ſo delicate a matter to interfere between married people, and the happineſs of Adriana is ſo dear to me, that I have not ventured to ſpeak to Count D'Alberg on this ſubject ſo decidedly as on any other I would have done. I dread leſt he ſhould believe my daughter has complained of his groundleſs prejudice and unworthy ſuſpicions; and that by remonſtrating with him, I may rather irritate than conciliate. Had I leſs dependence on the nobleneſs of your nature, my amiable young friend, I ſhould not have written all this: but I think I am not miſtaken in ſuppoſing, that whatever reſentment you may feel towards the Count, for the haſty, undeſerved, and I muſt add,

illiberal opinion he has formed in regard to you, you will facrifice it to the tranquillity of a family you honour with your eſteem. Such a being as Heurthofen is altogether beneath your regard, and excites contempt rather than anger.

"Be aſſured, my dear Sir, that though our acquaintance is thus interrupted; though I cannot, as I intended, make my houſe your home, and ſhew you all the little kindneſs in my power (all would, alas! have been infinitely ſhort of what you have a claim to) yet no time, no circumſtance, will eraſe from my memory and that of my daughter, the obligations we owe you; and if you would not render us both more unhappy, allow us ſtill, in ſuch manner as may yet be in our power, to continue our acknowledgments of eſteem and of gratitude. I would have requeſted again to have ſeen you, rather than to have troubled you with this long letter; but I am conſcious that I could not meet you without pain, and ſhould probably communicate ſome part of the regret I feel.—

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I had better, I believe, conclude here, requesting only to know, by a meſſenger I will ſend to-day, whither you go, on quitting Vienna. Do not write to me; you may entruſt the perſon charged with my commiſſion with any meſſage with which you may oblige,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt ſincere friend

and faithful ſervant,

WILHELMINA ULRICA,

Baroneſs de Roſenheim."

CHAP. X.

"Succeſs and miſcarriage have the ſame effect in all conditions. The proſperous are feared, hated, and flattered: the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and deſpiſed."

S. JOHNSON.

D'ALONVILLE had read the Baroneſs's letter only once over, execrated the man whom he before deſpiſed, and began to conſider how he ought to act, when a woman, muffled up in a cloſe cap and hood, was ſhewn into his room; in whom he recogniſed his old friend Thereſa, the faithful attendant on the children of Madame D'Alberg. 'I am ſent by my Lady, the Baroneſs, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſat down. 'Without my ſaying ſo, you muſt think it very ſtrange that I make you ſuch a viſit, eſpecially after what has been ſaid.'

"Tell me, my good Thereſa, what has been ſaid. I underſtand, indeed, that I have been ſtrangely miſrepreſented in your family; and I ſuſpect to whom I owe thoſe miſrepreſentations."

'Yes,

'Yes, Sir, for I'll venture to ſay, there was only one perſon who could make them. A falſe monſter! I believe I ſhould be almoſt ready to tear his eyes out, were I to ſee him at this moment. But, however, other people have not been quite free from falſe dealings, neither. There is Beſſola: I can't ſay I ever thoroughly liked her; a vain conceited thing! It has been told to the Count, Sir (for as to my Lord, the Baron, he troubles himſelf very little with what does not immediately concern his own family); but it has been told to the Count, that you were frequently ſeen in deep conference with Mademoiſelle Beſſola at undue hours; which they pretended to believe, forſooth, was to prevail upon her to carry letters to my Lady. I declare ſuch infamous inſinuations puts one out of all patience; as if you ever thought of ſuch a wicked thing as winning my Lady's affections away from the Count!'

"Never," cried D'Alonville, with vehemence: "Never, as there is honour

truth, or gratitude in man." 'I do believe you, Sir,' ſaid Thereſa; 'and how the Count, who never before ſhewed the leaſt diſpoſition to jealouſy ever ſince he married my Lady, ſhould get ſuch abominable nonſenſe into his head now, without the leaſt ground, is to me unaccountable. For my part, I believe he is bewitched!'

"There is nothing extraordinary in it, however, my friend," anſwered D'Alonville, "if he is weak enough to liſten to ſuch a fellow as Heurthofen, and narrow-minded enough to entertain thoſe prejudices which affix to different nations different characters of vice. I am ſorry it is ſo, Thereſa, as it deprives me of almoſt the only happineſs I reckoned upon, being allowed to call myſelf the friend of thoſe generous and amiable women, the Baroneſs de Roſenheim and her daughter. But my hopes, dear as they were to me, muſt be inſtantly ſacrificed to their repoſe. For Count D'Alberg, I know him not, nor ſhall I ever ſeek to know him; I be-

I believed him to be a ſoldier and a gentleman. I wiſh there was now leſs difficulty than there will be, in my learning to reſpect him as the huſband of your excellent Lady; as ſuch only I will endeavour to think of him; but with his chaplain, if I am ſo lucky as to be able to meet with *him*, I muſt renew my acquaintance on terms ſomewhat different from thoſe on which we laſt met."

'That is the very circumſtance Madame de Roſenheim is apprehenſive of, Sir,' ſaid Thereſa: 'and one of the principal things ſhe charged me to entreat of you was, not to ſpeak to Heurthofen, if you happen to meet him. She ſays ſhe has the moſt urgent and particular reaſons to requeſt this of you, and ſhe hopes you will not refuſe her; remembering, that towards a prieſt, you cannot ſhew the ſame anger as you might to another perſon. Beſides, if you were to ſay any thing to him, it would be known that ſomebody had told you of the ill-offices he had done you, and the miſchief

would be greater than ever. My Lady and the Baroneſs both charged me to aſk you to promiſe them, upon your word of honour, that you will not ſeek Heurthofen.'

" I will not," anſwered D'Alonville, " ſince *their* commands ought to be my laws. I will not ſeek this villanous fellow; *but* if I meet him,"—

' You muſt paſs him by. Indeed, Sir, you muſt; your reſentment you cannot properly ſhew; and he is of that diſpoſition, my Lady ſays, that it is one of his higheſt gratifications to know he has been ſucceſsful in miſchief. If he can but make himſelf of conſequence, he cares not by what means; and his maxim is, that next to the pleaſure of being beloved, is that of being dreaded.'

" In truth, my dear Thereſa, the family of Roſenheim have choſen an admirable ſpiritual counſellor! But to put an end to all ſolicitude on my account (for what right have I to give them the leaſt?) aſſure your ladies of my obedience to whatever

whatever commands they ſhall lay upon me. I dare venture to promiſe this, becauſe I am ſure they will order nothing that ſhall be inconſiſtent with my honour."

'*That*, I am ſure of too, Sir,' anſwered Thereſa; 'for, as to the Baroneſs, I declare and believe, that if you were her own ſon ſhe could not love you better. I don't know when I have ſeen her ſo vexed as ſhe has been at the Baron's indifference, and the Count's almoſt rude treatment of you. Indeed ſhe hardly knows how to conceal her vexation; but ſhe puts it all to the account of the burning of Roſenheim. Well, Sir, and ſo what I had farther in commiſſion from my Lady the Baroneſs, to ſay, is, that as ſhe underſtood you meant immediately to leave Vienna, ſhe entreated to know whither you intended to go, hoping, of all things, it was not to France. She cannot, ſhe ſays, aſk you to write to her, for reaſons that are too obvious; but if you would be ſo good as now and then to contrive to let her hear of you, by writing to me (if you would not

be

be above ſuch a condeſcenſion) both ſhe and Madame D'Alberg aſſure you, that it would be one of the greateſt favours you could do them. Madame D'Alberg indeed, charged me particularly to tell you, that however, from her behaviour laſt night, ſhe might appear, ſhe can never forget the obligations ſhe owes you; and muſt always recollect with ſifterly affection, a gentleman who ſhe muſt conſider as the ſaviour of her children and of her fortune; for ſhe knows, and I believe ſhe only yet, that it is you who have almoſt by miracle, recovered thoſe papers. Ah! Sir, the Baron is a very good man, but has been always too much diſpoſed not to conſider others enough; and to fancy all the world made for him.' D'Alonville ſighed deeply; for, among a thouſand painful thoughts, he remembered how very lately he was in a ſituation of life equal, if not ſuperior, to that of the Baron de Roſenheim; by whom his ſervices were now only thought of among thoſe due from a dependent to their Lord.

'But

'But do not, my good Sir, be caſt down,' reſumed Thereſa; 'depend upon it, the day will come when you will ſee all right again; and when you will ſee your friends happy, and be happy yourſelf. Yes, yes! Heurthofen will be found out for the villain I know him to be.—Oh! Chevalier, I could tell you ſuch ſtories of him; but I dare not ſtay any longer, and therefore muſt haſten to obey my laſt orders. The Baroneſs, Sir, gave me this,' continued ſhe, taking out of her pocket a ſmall deal box, ſealed with four ſeals, 'and ſhe directed me to deliver it to you, upon receiving your promiſe that you will not open it till you are forty miles from Vienna. Chevalier, do you promiſe me?'

"I cannot indeed," replied D'Alonville, "make any ſuch promiſe, unleſs I knew the contents of the box. I cannot even receive it."

'You muſt, however,' ſaid Thereſa; 'for I aſſure you I ſhall not take it again.—The Baroneſs ordered me to tell you,

you, that if you refuſed to receive this box, which perhaps contains her picture, ſhe ſhall think you have renounced her friendſhip; and that nothing in the world can make her more unhappy, No, no! Chevalier, you muſt not diſtreſs Madame de Roſenheim by refuſing it. Adieu, Sir! May you be as happy wherever you go as, from my heart, I believe you deſerve to be!'

Thereſa then hurried to the ſtairs, trying to conceal her tears and ſtifle her ſobs. D'Alonville, uncertain how he ought to act, followed her, and began again to argue with her; but the place where they now ſtood, the ſtair-caſe of a public inn, was certainly an improper one for ſuch a conference. Thereſa reminded him of it: 'Oh! do think, Chevalier, what would be the conſequence, ſhould any one paſs who knows me to be the ſervant of the Counteſs D'Alberg! and what is ſo likely?' D'Alonville, ſtruck with the remark, immediately acknowledged the juſtice of it; and preſſing the hand of

Thereſa,

Thereſa, in loſing whom he ſeemed to loſe one of his laſt friends, he ſuffered her to depart, and hurried back into his own apartment.

He then took up the box; it was light, and might, he thought, contain that memorial of the friendſhip of Madame de Roſenheim which Thereſa had intimated. But whatever were the contents, he could not return the box without offending a woman he ſo highly reſpected; nor could he do it without hazarding to diſturb the peace of her family. Nothing indeed ſeemed to remain for him but to quit Vienna as ſoon as poſſible; and he began anew to conſider whither he could go— "*The world was all before him where to chuſe,*" but no part of it offered to him "*a place of reſt.*" A man of his age, however, ſeeks not reſt; his wiſh was rather for the means of ſignalizing himſelf, or in dying in the cauſe which he had promiſed his father till his lateſt hour to defend. In purſuit of this object he went among thoſe of his countrymen who were at Vienna,

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and found ſome with whom he was acquainted; but in their conſultations how to proceed, all was yet confuſion and doubt. Some were diſpoſed to aſſemble under the princes of the blood; but without the aſſiſtance of foreign powers they could not long keep themſelves embodied; and of that aſſiſtance they had no certain aſſurance. The cheerful and ſanguine temper, ſo much the general character of the nation, ſupported many of theſe gallant unfortunate men amidſt difficulties and mortifications, under which men of any other European nation would have ſunk; but others who had not only ſuffered the loſs of fortune and the miſeries of exile, but who were torn from their deareſt connexions, for whoſe fate they ſuffered more than for their own, had hardly courage to ſurvey with a ſteady eye any proſpect that was offered them; while there were thoſe of a third deſcription, who, attached from their former ſituations to the fallen family of their king, were rendered deſperate by the continual re-

ports

ports that arrived of the unmanly and unjuſtifiable treatment of the ill fated priſoners in the Temple; and in their counciſ were rather actuated by frenzy than by reaſon, raſhly inſiſting on plans impoſſible to execute, even had all circumſtances been at this period as favourable as they were evidently otherwiſe.

D'Alonville ſaw with extreme regret that the difference of opinions, the innumerable variety of lights in which every important object was ſeen, and the heat and vehemence with which every man purſued his own ideas, in meetings where none had any right to dictate to the reſt, was an almoſt invincible obſtacle to the adoption and ſteady preſeverance in any plan likely to be ſucceſsful. A thouſand vague reports, miſtruſts, and miſconceptions, were continually baffling or diſtracting the beſt imagined ſchemes; and ſometimes theſe miſtruſts were found but too well placed; for among thoſe who paſſed as emigrants, ſome were diſcovered to be the emiſſaries of the Republicans, who not only betrayed

trayed the councils at which they aſſiſted, but ſpread among the German towns the principles of their party; and while they eſtranged the minds of the inferior claſſes, occaſioned among the higher, ſuſpicions of the real principles of all the French.

In this cauſe, as in every other, ſucceſs determines more than ſenſe or juſtice; and many who had ſhewn the greateſt zeal for it when the Auſtrian and Pruſſian armies marched towards France at the opening of the campaign, now looked on with diſcouraging coolneſs, and diſcountenanced what they had once applauded. Some affected to fear the diſſemination of principles inimical to the tranquillity of the German ſtates; and others to declare againſt the French as a nation, and to hint at the propriety of their being forbidden to aſſemble in other countries.

D'Alonville, after having paſſed a day or two, liſtening to fluctuating opinions and impracticable propoſitions, found none which he thought better than that recommended by his friend: and he had

nearly

nearly determined to return immediately to Coblentz, where he thought he might yet arrive in time to accompany M. de Magnivilliers, when he met at a coffee-houſe the Marquis de Touranges, a man of his own age, whom he had known at a military academy at Paris about two years before the revolution, and with whom he had at that time had ſome degree of intimacy. The Marquis de Touranges informed him in converſation, that he was the next day going with his friend and former tutor, the Abbe de St. Remi, to Berlin, by the way of Prague. "The Abbe de St. Remi," ſaid he, "has a niece married to a Pruſſian of high rank, and ſhe offers an aſylum to her reſpectable uncle, which I have adviſed him to accept; and as I have not yet determined whither I ſhall go myſelf, I have taken the reſolution to travel at leaſt ſo far with my ancient preceptor." D'Alonville felt an inclination to make a third in this party: the propoſal appeared extremely agreeable to de Touranges. He introduced

duced D'Alonville the ſame evening to the Abbé; whoſe mild manners immediately prejudiced him in his favour. It was agreed that they ſhould proceed on horſeback, or in the public carriages of the country, as economy, an equal object to all, rendered moſt adviſable; and at an eary hour the next morning they left Vienna.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Il n'eſt, je le vois bien, malheureux ſur la terre
Qui ne puiſſe trouver plus malheureux que ſoi.
LA FONTAINE.

HEAVY with fogs, and cold and dreary, was the morning on which D'Alonville with his two friends took leave of Vienna. United in general calamity, each had his particular ſorrows. The Abbé de St. Remi had long paſſed his fiftieth year; and at his time of life the fatigue of a long journey, and the uncertainty of what would be his reception when he arrived at the end of it, were likely to be conſiderations more oppreſſive than they were to younger men, who could more ſanguinely indulge hopes of brightening proſpects and better days. The Abbe, however, inſtead of being the moſt depreſſed, was the moſt cheerful of the three.

The Marquis de Touranges, one of the

firſt order of nobility, was about four years older than D'Alonville. Inheriting an immenſe fortune, from a long line of illuſtrious anceſtors, he had never till the period of the revolution known a wiſh he could not immediately gratify. At that time he was rapidly approaching the higheſt poſts of honour and profit that a military man could obtain about the court; and hardly twelve months before (the time when his ſovereign was compelled to diſmiſs him from the place he held about his perſon) he had married a very lovely woman. Thus forced from all that had rendered him happy, he was now one of the moſt miſerable beings upon earth; and profiting but little from the friendly or pious remonſtrances of his ancient tutor, the thoughts of what he had been and what he was, agitated his mind almoſt to frenzy. He now vehemently curſed the very name of Liberty, which had been uſed only as a pretext to effectuate the change he execrated: now ſwore eternal vengeance againſt the people, the

inſtru-

inſtrument uſed to produce it, and now ſinking into the ſullen dejection of deſpair, remained whole hours apparently unconſcious of what was around him; and, reflecting on the paſt, dared not look forward to the future.

From this ſtate of melancholy, as it was better than paroxyſms of rage, the Abbe de St. Remi ſeldom endeavoured to rouſe him; and either talked to D'Alonville, whoſe character, leſs violent and impetuous, gave his reaſon more time to operate; or giving way to reflection, he himſelf remained ſilent; and the three travellers, during their firſt day's journey, which they made on horſeback, with a ſervant belonging to de Touranges, and a poſtillion to bring back the horſes, frequently rode ſeveral miles without exchanging a word. In the morning, when they firſt left the walls of Vienna, D'Alonville could not help looking back towards them with regret. In leaving the habitation of thoſe friends whom he had once flattered himſelf would alleviate to him the loſs of his rela-

tions and of his country—thoſe relations and that country ſeemed to be a ſecond time loſt. As the morning-miſt cleared a little away, he turned his horſe, and from a riſing ground, looked earneſtly and mournfully towards the public buildings of the city, which were ſtill viſible; and though ſilently, he ſeemed to take ſo melancholy a leave of it, that the Abbe de St. Remi, who obſerved him, imputed his concern to ſenſations very different from thoſe by which he was really affected. The Abbe might indeed have diſcovered cauſes enough, in common with his own ſubject of concern, for the depreſſed ſpirits of his new acquaintance; but he imagined, that in addition to the general cauſe which ſo ſenſibly affected them both as Frenchmen, Vienna contained ſome object from whom D'Alonville was divided, without any hope of ever ſeeing her again; and this perſuaſion, together with that mild, yet manly character, which he already remarked in his young friend, created in the breaſt of this worthy man

a warm

a warm intereſt in his behalf, and urged the friendly attempts he made to adminiſter to the wounded ſpirits of D'Alonville conſolation; which the more turbulent and irritated mind of De Touranges was not yet in a condition to receive. Late on the evening of their firſt day's journey they arrived at a ſmall poſt-houſe, where travellers ſeldom remain longer than while they change horſes; but though nothing could be more deſolate and diſcouraging than the appearance of the houſe, ſituated in a wide and uncultivated plain, where the deep and barren ſands hardly produced the ragged furze and ſcanty heath, now equally withered and brown; yet as De Touranges took it into his head to remain there all night, and the Abbe de St. Remi was enough fatigued to conſider even ſuch a reſting-place as deſirable, D'Alonville, who cared not at any time where he lay down to ſleep, readily conſented. He was glad indeed of this opportunity to examine the contents of the box Madame de Roſenheim had given

him. He was now near forty miles from Vienna, and could open it without a breach of the promiſe which, though he had not given it, had been underſtood when it was left in his poſſeſſion. De Touranges, who was not diſpoſed to take any refreſhment, would have retired immediately and alone to one of the wretched rooms the houſe afforded; but in ſuch a temper of mind the Abbe de St. Remi would not conſent to leave him. He went with him therefore, and by his uſual humane and friendly attention, endeavoured to ſoothe the anguiſh which every hour ſeemed to render more acute to his unhappy friend. D'Alonville ſat down by the ſad light of a lamp placed againſt a wall, and inſpected the preſent that had been forced upon him. A valuable diamond-ring, with the cypher of Madame de Roſenheim's name, was wrapt in a bill of exchange of the value of two thouſand florins *. D'Alonville was ſenſible of that delicacy with which the Baroneſs had at once paid the

* Upwards of £150 ſterling.

debt

debt of gratitude that ſhe believed was due to him, and ſupplied his neceſſities. Conſcious that thoſe neceſſities were owing neither to vices or follies of his own, and believing that to ſuch a woman as Madame de Roſenheim he might be obliged without ſhame, he thought not of returning a preſent ſo uſeful, and which relieved him from the painful apprehenſion of being reduced to degrading exigencies in a ſtrange land; or of being compelled to accept pecuniary aſſiſtance from his countrymen, ſo little able to ſpare it. In leaving Vienna, he hardly knew why he had preferred ſo long a journey through Germany, rather than adhering to his original plan of returning into France; but undecided and unadviſed, his wavering reſolution had been influenced by the earneſtneſs with which De Touranges had ſolicited him to join the Abbe and himſelf in their journey to Berlin; and afterwards determined by the ſerious manner in which the Abbe de St. Remi had exhorted him to accompany the Marquis;

even adding, when they were for a moment alone, that it would be of the moſt eſſential ſervice to his old friend; and hinting that the circumſtances of De Touranges, reduced as they were, would eaſily admit of his making up to the Chevalier D'Alonville the difference of expence, certainly very conſiderable, between this journey and what he had ſlightly ſpoken of as his intended route. D'Alonville had however declined any aſſiſtance of that ſort; aſſuring the Abbe that he ſhould not have occaſion for it. This was in fact true, as far as related to his travelling-expences. He had more than ſufficient to carry him to Berlin; and what was to become of him afterwards he had not yet ſteadily reflected. The friendly preſent of the Baroneſs de Roſenheim put an end to all anxiety of that ſort; and as far as ſuch a circumſtance could alleviate that pain of heart which he had for many months ſuſtained, he became more eaſy; and having now nothing to hope from the friendſhip towards which he had ſo fondly looked (ſince he dared

dared not even write to thank the Baroneſs for her preſent) nor any thing to fear for the immediate neceſſaries of life, his ſolicitude was of courſe decreaſed; and though he was not happier, he was more tranquil.

This was a fortunate circumſtance for the Abbe de St. Remi, who, after an hour's abſence, came back into the room where D'Alonville waited for him to partake of the ſlender ſupper they had beſpoke, with a countenance which ſo forcibly expreſſed uneaſineſs, that D'Alonville eagerly enquired the cauſe. "Ah! my dear Sir," ſaid the Abbe, with a deep ſigh, "this poor friend of ours breaks my heart. In the ſevere trial under which it is the will of Heaven that I ſhould ſuffer in common with the whole body of French clergy, I have never yet reſigned my fortitude as an individual; but the ſight of De Touranges, while his mind ſeems every moment likely to loſe its balance; while I ſee him now on the verge of frenzy, and now of ſuicide, would be ſo afflicting to me,

that I know not if I ſhould undertake to endure it at all, but for the aſſiſtance I hope for from you. There are times," added he, in a tone yet more melancholy, "when I ſeem to have loſt all the influence which my long attachment to him, and the ſincere affection he knows I bear him, had given me over his mind. His ſituation is indeed afflicting; but it is in the trying ſcenes of adverſity that a ſpirit like his ought to exert itſelf — an inferior mind might ſink in unworthy dejection, but that of the Marquis de Touranges ſhould riſe ſuperior to the events of life. Religion alone, my dear Chevalier; religion alone can enable any of us to do this. Yet, my friend, once ſo well inſtructed in *his*, has truſted rather to that fallacious, that pernicious philoſophy which has undone us all; and alas! what does it do to conſole him in this hour of bitterneſs?"

'I have hardly acquaintance enough with the Marquis de Touranges' affairs ſince we laſt parted,' ſaid D'Alonville,

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'to know why *he* feels, in the preſent moment, more ſevere affliction than ſo many thouſand others, who are, like him, driven from their poſſeſſions and their country, and have, in the courſe of thoſe convulſions that have diſtracted that country, loſt ſome of their deareſt friends by death, and have ſeen others eſtranged from them by the accurſed ſpirit of party, or the allurements of ambition or avarice. In theſe misfortunes, the moſt dreadful, perhaps, that humanity can ſuffer, every native of France who has refuſed to join in the ſyſtem now called Republican, muſt, more or leſs, have partaken. Every man bears his ſhare as he can. Perhaps our friend's caſe may be rendered leſs ſupportable than that of the generality, by ſome circumſtances to which I am a ſtranger, and which may well excuſe that acute ſenſibility that you lament; for otherwiſe, from what I have formerly known of Touranges, he muſt be greatly changed if he now ſhrinks from the common lot, without common fortitude.'

" All is by compariſon, Chevalier," anſwered St. Remi. " You have, in common with thouſands, abandoned your country, and ſeen your faireſt hopes of returning thither baffled. You have loſt an excellent father, and you have ſeen your brother diſgrace the name he has quitted: all theſe are great and ſevere afflictions, but they are leſs grievous, becauſe you know their extent. Alas! de Touranges knows not the worſt that may have befallen him; yet he knows of calamities greater even than yours."

' You have excited at once my concern and my curioſity,' ſaid D'Alonville.

" Perhaps then," reſumed the Abbé, " you do not know that Madame de Touranges, the mother of our friend, was among the unfortunate priſoners of the ſecond of September. She was an attendant on the female part of the royal family; that was her only crime. Dropping with the blood of her fellow-priſoners, ſhe twice ſaw the murderous dagger of the aſſaſſins at her throat, and twice ſhe was

ſaved,

ſaved, as it were, by miracle. By the mockery of a trial, in which ſhe was acquitted with the ſame caprice that had condemned numberleſs others equally innocent, ſhe was releaſed; and under the protection of a tradeſman, who had received many favours from her family, ſhe was carried more dead than alive to her houſe. Her houſe was deſerted; for her ſervants, fearing to ſhare her fate, had quitted it when they heard ſhe was impriſoned. Heart ſtruck, the unhappy Madame de Touranges now entreated her conductor not to leave her alone, expoſed to the fury of ruffians, whom a deſire of vengeance, or of plunder, might engage to ſeek her in her houſe and deſtroy her: but when the man enquired what he could do to ſecure her ſafety, or whither he ſhould conduct her, ſhe knew not what to anſwer. Her firſt idea was to go to a country-houſe of her ſon's, near Orly, four leagues from Paris, where the young Marquiſe de Tourranges, near the time of her delivery, had for ſome days expected her; but the

barriers were ſhut and ſo ſtrictly guarded, that to execute this was impoſſible, at leaſt at that time. To find ſhelter in a convent, where ſhe had many friends, and where ſhe had occaſionally reſided, was the next hope ſhe formed; but the perſon in whom ſhe was obliged to confide, declared to her he believed, that at the preſent juncture any other place was more ſecure than a religious ſociety, ſince againſt thoſe the popular vengeance was directed. In this diſtracting debate ſo much time was waſted, without her being able to form any reſolution, that her protector, who was a municipal officer, told her with great concern, that it would be impoſſible for him to ſtay with her; and hardly knowing what ſhe did, ſhe entreated him to afford her the protection of his houſe till ſhe ſhould find ſome aſylum more permanent. To this the man agreed. She put her houſe, with all its valuable contents, into his power, and by favour of the night went with him to his own houſe in Rue Columbier, where ſhe remained

feveral

ſeveral days; and then, when after thoſe dreadful maſſacres which have filled every heart with terror and abhorrence, the general alarm had ſomewhat ſubſided, and the barriers were leſs ſtrictly guarded, her very humane hoſt (who with his wife and family had ſhewed her all the attention in their power) conducted her in a diſguiſe, but not without conſiderable hazard, to the villa, near Orly, where ſhe hoped to have found her daughter-in-law, and to have conſulted with her on the means of ſecuring their mutual ſafety. Alas! on her arriving at Beaurepaille, near Orly, ſhe found it deſerted; only one of the tenants and his wife were in it; who informed Madame de Touranges, that the young Marquiſe had been ſo much alarmed on hearing of what had paſſed at Paris, that notwithſtanding the extreme danger of undertaking a journey in ſuch a ſituation, ſhe had immediately diſmiſſed all her ſervants but her own maid and one valet, and had taken poſt for Mante, where, the man who gave this account heard ſhe was

ſtopped

ſtopped by the municipal guard: but he knew no more; nor could the unfortunate Madame de Touranges obtain any other intelligence. Partly in the hope of overtaking her daughter, and partly with a view to her own ſafety, the elder Marquiſe de Touranges followed the ſame route, and wrote to her ſon from Mante, where it was ſaid the younger lady had been arreſted. This appeared not to have been true; but it was too certain that from thence ſhe could not be traced. My poor friend has received no other letter from his mother, nor has he ever ſince heard of his wife. He has written that he ſent a ſervant, bribed by almoſt half he had ſaved, to undertake a perilous reſearch after theſe two ladies, but hitherto without ſucceſs; and he would have returned at the moſt imminent hazard of his life; for it is certain that he is ſo well known, that it is impoſſible he could eſcape, had not the com mand he held rendered it, for ſome time, impoſſible: and ſince the retreat of the army, my earneſt exhortations withheld him.

him. I have repreſented to him the great improbability of his finding his mother and his wife; and if he found them, the impoſſibility of his affording them any protection. Ah! it is far more probable that he would periſh in the attempt, and draw down on theſe unhappy women ſeverer calamities than they have yet experienced. It is poſſible they may have eſcaped from France, under the protection of an uncle of the younger lady, who about the ſame time diſappeared from the neighbourhood of Rouen, and is known to have propoſed ſeeking an aſylum in Holland or England. A nobleman of the ſame name as what he has been ſaid to have aſſumed, is at Berlin; and on this ſlender hope, aided by the conviction that, by returning to France, he ſhould throw away a life that may yet be ufeful to them, I have prevailed upon him to begin this journey; but I now doubt whether he will ever complete it. Tormented inceſſantly with the moſt dreadful fears for the fate of his wife, his infant, and his mother,

he

he is now half resolved to execute his first resolution, and to rush upon certain destruction by returning to France: and now he is tempted by the corroding anguish that preys upon his heart, to put an end to his life and sufferings together. Unhappily he has been but too conversant with those pernicious broachers of what is falsely called Philosophy, who have for these last twenty years been fashionable; and when I recall to his mind the precepts I once inculcated, and as I fondly hoped with so much success, I am answered by a quotation from Rousseau, or from some German writer whose works he admires. However, I am not discouraged, and I hope much from a temper which, though not without faults, has many perfections. I hope more from that high sense of honour that he possesses, and which surely must make him consider, that his quitting life, while his religion, his country, and his family demand it, would be an act of cowardice as unworthy his personal character as of the great men from whom he derives his descent;

ſcent; which is, indeed, as illuſtrious as that of any man in France."

The Abbé de St. Remi here ceaſed to ſpeak; and D'Alonville, impreſſed with the deepeſt concern for his unhappy friend, whoſe misfortunes he allowed to be greater than his own, could only aſſure the Abbé, that what little he could do, during their journey, to ſoothe a heart thus torn with the moſt afflicting uncertainties, he would moſt cheerfully endeavour to do. The Abbé then gave him ſome hints of the ſort of converſation he wiſhed him to hold with de Touranges; and they ſoon after parted for the night, being early the next morning to ſet out on their ſecond day's ourney towards Prague.

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The banished man

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